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ART. I.—ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES.

*Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.* By François Arago.  
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SCIENTIFIC men are so prominently associated with the discovery of natural agencies and phenomena, and the promulgation of physical truths, that when reviewing their lives we are apt to forget their individual characters, and are comparatively indifferent to the manner in which they performed those duties common to every member of society. It is true that a class of special duties rise out of the pursuits in which a man is engaged, and we are so critical in our judgment of the manner in which they are performed as to be comparatively indifferent to his behaviour in the incidental positions of life, if the code of morals be not broken, and his character be unstained by selfishness and an indifference to the welfare of those who have a claim on his affections. If a man be a lover of natural science, we follow his wanderings, participate in his research, and revel in the scenery to which he introduces us, without inquiring whether he is employing his talents in the best way, or whether he may not be neglecting some imperative duty. If he be a physicist, we do not tire of watching his experiments, and when his calculations intimate the correctness of his conjectures relative to some physical law, or to its exhibition in a previously unobserved phenomenon, we participate in his joy without asking whether such a mind might not have been more usefully employed in the resolution of some great social question, or whether the

rectification of a public wrong-doing, or the establishment of a better principle of government in a prison, a poor-house, or a state, would not have been more honourable to him, and more beneficial to his neighbour.

The biographies of scientific men, however, are too often avoided by the reading public as though they were literary deserts where human affections can find no object for their sympathy. Research, discovery, and the applause of academies, we are told, engross the thoughts of the man of science, and separate him from the habits and feelings of his neighbours and kindred. His name is honourably associated with scientific journals and unintelligible pages of learned phraseology, mystic emblems, and cabalistic formulæ, but has no place in the discussion of social affairs and questions of political moment. If the popular notion of the history and character of eminent scientific men could be trusted, we might write a brief description applicable to them as a class. Poverty of birth, the opposition of parents, struggles for existence, seclusion from the world, accumulation of knowledge, great discoveries, renown, poverty, and a neglected grave,—such would be the table of contents descriptive of the lives of all. A scientific man in the opinion of the world is one who refuses to conform to the conventionalities of society, rejects its enticements, and is indifferent to its scorn,—one who lives out of the area of the amenities of life, too wise to be loved, too poor to be respected. Can he be thought capable of the ordinary pursuits of life who voluntarily abandons that hope of wealth which maddens the life of other men, and follows that which other men despise? We know a man of science who spends every night in looking through a strange combination of mirrors and lenses, constructed by his own hands, and is as anxious at his work as if all mankind had an irrepressible longing to explore the stellar spaces, and, like the unfortunate, were oppressed by the idea that some distant place might be found where they could shake off care and be happy. Till light stealthily creeps from the east, and covers the sky with an impenetrable luminosity, the enthusiastic observer keeps his vigil in the silence of the awful heavens, as once the watchful eye rested on the serene summit of Sinai before the cloud covered it, and the voice of God was heard. Another is seen playing with sunbeams, turning them through prisms, reflecting them from mirrors, watching their courses, measuring the angles of their incidence and refraction, breaking white light into coloured rays, and ensnaring them in the network of geometry. A third is more hazardously occupied in drawing towards him the active agency of a thunder-storm from a black, surcharged cloud, or extracting the same

potent force from drops of water, that he may discover the motive energies of nature, or apply them to some doubtful purpose which he considers an object of utility. What have such men to do with the engrossing interests of commerce, the jealousies of competition, the contentions of social politics, or the movements of the national will?

It is not our intention, at present, to discuss the compatibility of scientific pursuits and an active interest in, and performance of, social duties and commercial engagements, nor shall we long dwell upon the question, whether the possession of scientific knowledge is an impediment to the performance of those duties and services which the state has a right to demand of every citizen. The volume before us proves by examples, that it is possible to be eminently successful in the prosecution of science without neglecting the ordinary duties of life or the claims of country. Six of the nine celebrated men of science whose biographies are contained in this volume, were Frenchmen, living in the times of the Republic and Empire,—servants of the state, filling efficiently stations of public trust, and acting with more than average ability and self-denial. They were men who, while they pursued the most occult subjects of scientific research, were, for good or evil, foremost in the political movements of their age, lovers of freedom who suffered with their country, while they strove to protect her from anarchy by a prudent and courageous opposition to the lawless impatience and wrong-doing of a debased populace. A brief relation of some of the events in their lives will prove the accuracy of this assertion, and appropriately introduce a few remarks upon the progress, in their times, of at least one of the sciences they cultivated.

Silvain Bailly, the pupil and friend of the Abbé Lacaille, and a member of the French Academy of Sciences, is best known to the English public as the author of a voluminous history of astronomy, which, in spite of many fanciful and absurd hypotheses, and an omnivorous credulity, frequently allied with religious scepticism, has a merit sufficient to redeem in part its follies. His ability as a man of science was not more highly esteemed by his contemporaries, than his character as a politician; but as in one capacity he was loaded with honours, so in the other he suffered the unmitigated penalty of being the favourite of a fickle populace. It is a painful spectacle to see such a man drawn into the vortex of a sanguinary revolution, for his sympathies were with honourable and benevolent acts, and his ambition was confined to the distinctions he won by his intelligence and learning. When offered a decoration and title of nobility by the government of Louis XVI., he



made this proud reply : " I thank you, but he who has the honour of belonging to the three principal academies of France is sufficiently decorated,—sufficiently noble in the eyes of rational men ; a cordon or a title could add nothing to him." This man, who was the son of the keeper of the king's pictures, valued his science and its honours more than the titles kings give ; but he could refuse no invitation, whatever its danger, when society demanded his time. When Laplace, Lavoisier, Coulomb, and other members of the Academy of Sciences, were appointed to investigate the charges made against the administration of the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, Bailly was elected secretary to the commission ; and a fitting choice it was, for he had a cool head, a warm heart, and a ready pen. With a stern and indignant energy he described the horrors of that lazaretto and slaughter-house, and by his successful struggle with the abuses he witnessed, proved how little the benevolent feelings had suffered from the severe exercise of the intellect in the application of mathematical science to astronomical phenomena. In the great hospital of Paris, which would have been pointed to as the evidence of the civilization of France, the diseased, the dying, and the dead were lying side by side, and in the small-pox ward, six men or eight children were packed in the same bed. Operations were performed in the presence of men who, in a similar condition, were only waiting the flight of a few hours or a few minutes to submit themselves to the same torture. The appeals of Bailly, aided by the tacit authority of the men of science with whom he was associated, at last lifted the arm of power, overcame the resistance of custom, held up to scorn the habitual insensibility to suffering, and established a decent and beneficent order in an institution which had before rather aggravated than relieved the sufferings of the diseased poor.

In the convocation of the States-General, Bailly took his seat as first deputy of Paris, and was afterwards elected president of the six hundred deputies of the communes. Not many days after the destruction of the Bastile, he was chosen mayor of Paris, and for two years filled that office under circumstances of pressing danger and difficulty. Thus was he brought to witness the dark deeds of *Sans-culottism*—that mad fury of an ignorant, suffering mob, which dragged Foulon, and Berthier from the hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville to the lamp-post, and with a lawless mockery of retribution compressed into the few last hours of their lives the agonies they had often inflicted on others in the lapse of years, and then with demoniacal yells and laughter rushed through the streets of fashionable and fastidious Paris, to expose the heads of their victims. Was it a strange thing



that, when the virtuous magistrate had become the jest of Marat, the hated of the populace, he should be robbed of his patrimony, and then driven to the bar of the infamous revolutionary tribunal, there to be condemned to death by the will of a people whom he had preserved from famine, and in all things served faithfully. It is not our present business to examine the charges brought against the Mayor of Paris, or to defend his character as a public administrator, but we may affirm, without controversy, that his love of science and successful pursuit of it, did not incapacitate him for the performance of public duties, destroy the love of rational liberty, nor diminish his influence and usefulness during a period of great national excitement and misfortune.

Joseph Fourier, another of the *savans* of France eulogized by Arago, was one of those gifted men who, in spite of adverse circumstances, have achieved for themselves that noble fortune—an illustrious name in science. Though born in a low rank of society, an orphan when eight years old, and indebted for his education to the charity of a convent of Benedictine monks, he raised himself to eminence by his mathematical knowledge, and to renown among men of science by his researches on the theory of heat. Had he spent his life in the study and the laboratory, his scientific labour and literary taste would have satisfied posterity that his genius had not lacked the encouragement of industry. His career as one of the professors of the newly established Polytechnic School had scarcely opened with a flattering hope of that scientific glory which among the most intelligent classes of France is coveted as the greatest good, when he was selected by Monge as one of the philosophers who were to accompany General Bonaparte to Egypt, and form an institute by which he had resolved to civilize the country he had in anticipation conquered. Though Egypt was not conquered the institute was formed, and Fourier was elected its perpetual secretary; but other labours were also assigned him, and he proved himself to be as efficient in the office of commissioner at the Divan of Cairo, as useful in the arrangement of treaties, and as skilful in diplomatic services, as he was eminent for his application of pure science and the investigation of physical problems. On his return to France, he was appointed Prefect of the department of l'Isere, and while his mind was occupied in the preparation of his "*Théorie Mathématique de la Chaleur*," a work of great originality and genius, he was also constructing roads, draining marshes, and effectively performing all the duties of a public administration. Fourier is thus exhibited as a man possessing in an eminent degree the capacity and tact which are the qualifications of a public officer, and in none of his labours does he more com-

pletely justify his claim to be regarded as a man of science, than in the direction of those works which converted a pestilent tract of country into a rich pasture, and made it a healthy residence for an industrious people.

Carnot, one of the judges of Louis XVI., and then successively a member of the Committee of Public Safety, Director of the armies of the Republic, a member of the National Convention, Minister of War, and Governor of Antwerp, is so unmistakably identified with the French Revolution, and is so often apparently associated with its most revolting atrocities, that one might hesitate to believe it possible he could at such a period, and with such work in hand, have occupied himself in the preparation of profound physico-mathematical papers. But his "Essay on Machines," his "Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus," and his publication on the "Geometry of Positions," give indisputable evidence of a scientific mind of high order. That he also possessed habits of business and eminent administrative powers, might be now regarded as a misfortune by those who are interested in his posthumous fame. His defence by Arago is an interesting contribution to the history of the revolutionary era. But while it is sufficient for our purpose to show that he did not find scientific research incompatible with the duties enforced by the acknowledged claim of his country on his time and talents, we do not doubt that his administration will be defended from many of the accusations made against it, if it can be proved that he acted up to the noble and magnanimous creed he professed when in exile: "Universal toleration" he said, "is the dogma which I decidedly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, brought into fashion by such men as Marat and Pere Duchêsne, is the most fatal of all. We must not kill men to force them to believe; we must not kill them to prevent their believing; let us compassionate the weaknesses of others, since every one has his own, and let us allow prejudices to wear away by time when we cannot obviate them by reason."

Malus did not occupy any prominent place as a politician, nor hold an office demanding the exercise of those qualities of mind most appreciated by men of business. In the School of Engineers at Mezières, he received his education; but the disorderly acts of the scholars caused the suppression of the establishment, and Malus, disappointed of his commission, joined the army as a volunteer. While working at the fortifications of Dunkirk, he attracted the attention of M. Lepère, the engineer, and through the interest of that gentleman, was received into the Polytechnic, where he passed his examinations with honour, and obtained his commission as a sub-lieutenant of

engineers. Soon after he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he embarked in the expedition to Egypt, and while there, had his full share of labour and suffering. When encamped at Cathièh, he composed a "Memoir on Light," the science he at a later period so greatly enriched, and we are curious to know how such an occupation of mind could be made consistent with his duties as a commanding officer in an enemy's country.

"There has recently been found among the family papers" says Arago, "a small bound book, in which Malus, when captain of engineers, and employed in the army of the East, traced day by day an abridged narrative of all the events of which he had been an eye-witness, or in which he had taken a direct part. These memoranda, which I have read with the greatest interest, and in which our fellow-labourer figures chiefly as a military man, seem to me to deserve a detailed analysis. I have resolved to lay it before you, were it only to prove once more, that profound knowledge and a scientific genius did not weaken either the zeal, the constancy, the courage, or the spirit of enterprise, which ought to distinguish an officer of the highest military qualities."

On his return to France, he presented to the Academy of Sciences, first, a "Treatise on Analytical Optics," and then a "Memoir on the Refractive Power of Opaque Bodies;" but these were unimportant contributions compared with the discovery of Polarization by Reflection, an observation and research which will rank with the most valued philosophical investigations of the nineteenth century.

Augustine Fresnel is another illustrious example of the combination of scientific genius with the ability and willingness to perform the ordinary duties of life, for he was a man who contributed largely to the true glory of his country by extending the boundaries of human knowledge, while he conscientiously performed with scrupulous exactness, the most trivial engagements of an inferior public appointment. When eight years of age he could not read, and his "memory refused almost absolutely to retain words from the moment they were detached from a clear argument and displaced in arrangement." After completing his education in the Polytechnic School, he received the appointment of *ingénieur ordinaire* in the *Ponts et Chaussées*, and was stationed at Vendée, "To level small portions of road; to seek, in the countries placed under his superintendence, for beds of flint; to preside over the extraction of the materials; to see to their deposition on the road, or on the wheel-ruts; to execute here and there a bridge over the irrigation drains; to re-establish some metres of bank which the



torrent had carried away in its progress ; to exercise principally an active surveillance over the contractors ; to verify their accounts, to estimate scrupulously their works ;—such were the duties, very useful, though not very lofty, not very scientific, which Fresnel had to fulfil during from eight to nine years in Vendée, in Drome, and in Ille et Vilaine." When Napoleon landed at Cannes in 1815, Fresnel, actuated by a sense of duty, joined the Royalist forces ; but his feeble health was broken down by the hardships of the camp, and he returned to his residence at Nyons, amid the sneers and derisive shouts of the people. A few days later he was deprived of his office by the imperial government, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Having taken up his residence at Paris, he commenced that brilliant career of research which yielded one discovery after another in rapid succession, enlarging and systematizing the science of optics by the addition of new facts and correct data, and thus making his name famous in every country where knowledge is sought, and intellectual pursuits are honoured.

Laplace is another of the six eminent French *savans* whose Eloges are contained in this volume, and if we are unable to bring him prominently forward as an instance of the union of business habits with eminent scientific talents, or even if we should find that he was an exception to the dogma we have proved by other illustrious examples, and as Napoleon said, "carried into the art of government the principles of the infinitesimal calculus," we need not regret the fact. Mankind could well afford to give an almost unbroken leisure, and a freedom from the toils of material existence, to the author of the "Mécanique Céleste," the "Exposition du Système du Monde," and the "Théorie Analytique des Probabilités,"—works which a nation desired to reprint as the noblest monument it could produce in memory of its most profound philosopher and of its own glory. He surely might be excused from interference in the strife of parties, and the turmoil of revolutions, who was engaged in the production of works which will be an everlasting honour to France, and give her a place, higher than she deserved, among civilized nations, when the name of her idolized emperor fades from the page of history like the muster-rolls of the hundred thousand heroes who fell in the vain hope of accomplishing his ambitious projects. But even Laplace could not be excused from the cares of state when it was thought that the prestige of his name or his administrative ability could serve his country ; and to his honour it is recorded that his first act, on the evening of his appointment to office as Minister of the Interior, was to solicit a pension of two thousand francs for the widow of the astronomer Bailly, which was nobly granted by General

Bonaparte, then First Consul, with an order that it should be paid half-yearly, in advance. But while we thus do honour to the motive and the act of the greatest geometer, and the greatest military commander, France has produced, let us not forget the still more noble generosity of M. Cousin, also a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a municipal councillor, who had previously obtained for the impoverished widow the allowance granted to the poor, and every week personally received the provisions allotted for her support, and carried them to her lodgings. Well might Arago say, "such noble actions are certainly worth good papers." The highest scientific attainments, whatever the world may say, are not drags upon the benevolent feelings, and in no degree hinder the exercise of the warmest affections of the heart, but inasmuch as the purity and activity of the moral powers are more excellent than the capacity and refinement of the intellect, so much more is the benevolent action of M. Cousin better than the best scientific paper. We can say but little of the manner in which Laplace performed his duties as Minister of the Interior, but we cannot forget the words he uttered in his last moments, for they contain a truth which, from his lips, if properly understood, would be of more worth to mankind than all he could have done as an active partisan of the Revolution, or as the minister of a nation: "What we know is little; what we are ignorant of is immense."

The lives of the three English philosophers, whose Memoirs are contained in this volume, are still more pleasing examples—from the absence of the military spirit—of the pursuit of science without impediment to the exercise of the domestic affections and social virtues, or to the performance of public duties.

William Herschel was one of the ten children of a musician living in Hanover, and was educated by his father for the same profession. By his eldest brother, Jacob, band-master in a Hanoverian regiment, he was brought to England. After suffering many disappointments and privations, he was appointed, by Lord Durham, band-master of an English regiment, quartered, it is said, on the borders of Scotland. His talent as a musician advanced his circumstances in life, and like many another poor youth, he probably seemed to himself richer in the advent of his fortune than when he had realized it. No longer harassed by unprovided daily wants, he devoted a portion of his increasing income and leisure to the study of languages, and the elements of science. A telescope at last came into his hands, and although he held the situation of organist at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, and his time was much occupied in private

teaching, and in public performances in concert and ball-rooms, he found time to use it, and the heavens were unsealed to him. In restless anxiety he sought for a larger instrument, and when his purse failed to meet the exorbitant demands of the optician, his poverty became his blessing, and his mechanical skill and optical knowledge supplied that which he could not purchase. A few years after this, William Herschel was exploring the heavens with a five-feet Newtonian telescope of his own construction. The time at last came, when by the patronage and pecuniary assistance of the king, he was able to abandon music as a profession, and to devote his study to astronomy, and then he rivalled the fame of Tycho himself as an observer; but his history, whether under the shade of misfortune, or in the full sunshine of prosperity, gives no instance of the incompatibility of an ardent pursuit of science and the ordinary engagements of life. Both, when he obtained the means of existence by his skill as a musician, and when by royal bounty he was freed from distracting labour and anxious thought, science occupied the principal place in his mind without causing a weak or inefficient performance of the common duties of life.

Of James Watt we need not speak, for his fame is founded on the eminently practical and useful application of his scientific studies.

Thomas Young, the only other English philosopher whose biography has a place in this volume, was in his youth master of seven languages, and in after life he acquainted himself with the literatures of the nations who used them. He was a musician, and played many instruments; he possessed a critical knowledge of art; he was a mathematician, a man of science, and an interpreter of Egyptian hieroglyphics; he was the secretary of the Board of Longitude, a successful investigator of optical phenomena, and a voluminous writer. Yet this man, whose name is imperishably associated with optical science, by the discovery of Interference, was a physician, taking a place in the most courtly society, and fully enjoying the pleasures, and performing the duties of life.

Such were the men whose biographies have been written by Arago, as Eloges for the French Academy of Sciences, of which they were members. They were so eminent in their several departments, and were the authors of so many discoveries, that if we were to detail and explain the results of their researches, we could not fail to give an abstract of the progress, during their lives, of the sciences of astronomy and optics, in one of which all of them, except Carnot, Fourier, and Watt, were principally engaged. We are conscious how inefficiently this would be done in the narrow limits assigned to our review



of Arago's "Biographies," but to form any opinion, approaching to correctness, of their services to science, such an historical outline is necessary. We select the science of astronomy as an example.

For half a century after the publication of the "Principia," nothing was done either in England or on the Continent, to extend the application of the theory of gravitation to uninvestigated astronomical phenomena. The style of the book was too unique, and its demand for educated and thoughtful readers too imperative, to admit of its circulation among the most intelligent unscholastic readers; and those English mathematicians who were able to understand it, perceived that the author had nearly exhausted his method of research. The "Principia" was published in 1687, and the philosophy it announced was at once accepted by all the most eminent men of science in England and Scotland. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was taught by James Gregory at St. Andrew's, by Samuel Clarke at Cambridge, and by Dr. Keil at Oxford, and yet while Britain enjoyed a light which other European nations refused to receive, little or nothing was done to use it for the explanation of the celestial phenomena not investigated by Newton himself. "If Cote had lived," said Sir Isaac, "we should have known something," but we doubt whether there would have been much less reason to deplore the stagnation of mathematical science in England in the age when the French and German philosophers were distinguishing themselves in pure analytics, if the author of "*Harmonia Mensurarum*" had lived to the full term of human existence. There was no want of power among the mathematicians, as the works of Gregory, Saunderson, Brook Taylor, Emerson, M'Laurin, Simpson, and others prove, but they were ignorant of the progress of pure analytics, and in their admiration of the mighty scheme of celestial mechanics taught in the "Principia," weakness seemed to them preferable to temerity,—they feared the fate of the adventurous god who dared to mount the chariot of Apollo. The unseemly dispute between the English and Continental mathematicians upon the rival claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the right of priority in the discovery of the principle of fluxions and the differential calculus, had so completely isolated our philosophers from their brethren, that while in France and Germany the power and applications of the calculus were daily increased, the English adhered strictly—perhaps with the national pertinacity—to Newton's method and notation, and practically assumed the impossibility of doing better or more than their great master. Thus, while our countrymen were boasting of the laurels won by a native conqueror, the bold

intellect of other nations was extending the means of scientific research, and preparing for new explorations in the dominion of Almighty creative power.

On the Continent, science was in a totally different state. The minds of men were there pre-occupied with the speculations of Descartes,—they were like children ashamed of their infant toys, and afraid of more manly games. Another generation was necessary for the unprejudiced investigation of a theory antagonistic to their preconceived opinions and adopted hypotheses. The Newtonian philosophy was unanimously condemned and banished by Huygens, Leibnitz, and John Bernoulli; by Cassini, Maraldi, and the other eminent mathematicians, who, by the cultivation of the infinitesimal analysis, prepared the very instrument of research, and method of investigation, which at a later period gave it an uncontestable authority, and demonstrated, not only its sufficiency for the explanation of every celestial phenomenon, but its power to discover the existence of motions which observation had not revealed. Maupertius was the first French philosopher, who, after an examination of the claims of the contending theories of Descartes and Newton, declared himself a disciple of the latter. This he did in a communication to the Academy in 1732. But the popular acceptance of the theory of gravitation in France is to be traced to the authority of Voltaire, who explained its principles in a lively essay which found many readers among the educated unscientific classes.

In 1745, eighteen years after the death of Newton, and fifty-eight years after the publication of the "*Principia*," Euler recommenced the study of physical astronomy by an analytical investigation of the perturbations of the moon, and in the following year he published his first lunar tables. This date is especially worthy of notice, because it gives the honour of solving the problem of three bodies to the man who, above all others, was most worthy, whether we judge him by the originality of his genius, or by his peaceful devotion of spirit, to receive the mantle and be the immediate successor of Newton. The question which Leonard Euler, the pupil he it remembered of James Bernoulli, proposed to himself, was one which the discoverer of the laws of gravitation had not discussed—which his geometry could not solve. Newton had demonstrated the mutual attraction of two bodies. He had proved, by a sublime geometry of his own, that a body projected in space within the attraction of a central force, revolves in a closed curve, and that the form of orbit is determined by the position of the body in relation to the force and the velocity of projection, and that the magnitude and form of the orbit is calculable. He who

announced that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, and directly as the mass, was not ignorant of, or indifferent to, the mutual attraction between the planetary bodies; nor did he fail to calculate the influence of subordinate attractive forces in disturbing the action of the solar force on planetary motions, or the perturbing power of the sun upon the orbits of the satellites. He clearly perceived that planetary attractions would account for the otherwise inexplicable irregularities in the motion of the moon, and some of the perturbations of that body he calculated. But he stood in need of a more searching instrument of analysis than his own geometry supplied, to calculate the amount of disturbance produced by the planets upon each other. It was Euler who commenced that profound investigation which involved the existence of three or more forces, and which will not be complete till every phenomenon is explained, and a perpetuity of mutations is revealed in every celestial phenomenon as the consequence of an invariable law.

While the intelligent classes in France adopted the Newtonian theory upon the dictum of the philosopher of Ferney, the Academy of Sciences was probably more influenced by the researches of Euler than by the opinion of Voltaire, in proposing, as the subject of a prize essay for 1748, the discussion of the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn, with a view to the discovery whether the theory of gravitation could account for the irregularities in their motions. The perturbations in these two important members of the solar system were justly considered necessarily greater than the irregularities of other planetary bodies, excepting the moon. In the motions of the smaller planets there are perturbations which observation failed to detect till their existence had been discovered by calculation; but the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn had been long known. In 1625, Kepler pointed out a want of coincidence between the observed and calculated places of these planets, the mean motion of Jupiter being by the tables too slow, and of Saturn too quick. Halley estimated the acceleration of Jupiter at  $3^{\circ} 49'$  in a period of 2,000 years, and the retardation of Saturn at  $9^{\circ} 16'$  in the same period, and attributed these effects to the mutual attraction of the planets. The selection of these two bodies for examination by analytical processes was therefore judicious, as the truth of the theory of gravitation could not by any other problem be more fairly tested than by its ability to explain the irregularities of their motions.

Clairaut and D'Alembert, the two most profound geometers of France, became competitors for the prize of the Academy,



and delivered their memoirs to the secretary before the appointed time, fearing their researches might be anticipated by Euler. It happened according to their fears, in spite of their precautions, and Euler's essay was crowned. By each of the three geometers, the problem of the three bodies was solved by the infinitesimal analysis; but they all failed to explain the irregularities in the two superior planets, and Euler did not hesitate to assert that they were not caused by the mutual attraction of the planets. But, at the same time, this profound mathematician exhibited with clearness the analytical theory of planetary perturbations, and discovered periodical inequalities in the motions of both bodies.

After Clairaut had explained the motion of the moon's apogee by a correct computation of the lunar perturbations, there was a greater confidence in the applicability of the theory of gravitation to the resolution of celestial phenomena; and the Academy, undismayed by previous failure, proposed the theory of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of a prize for the year 1752. Euler was again the successful competitor; but he could not discover the origin of the observed inequalities of motion. He found secular equations in the mean motions of both planets, but they were equal and additive. Four years later, he presented to the Academy another memoir on the same subject, distinguished by depth of thought, vivid perception, ingenuity of reasoning, and of indisputable value to science; but the author failed to connect the observed irregularities in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn with their mutual attraction. In 1763, the subject attracted the attention of Lagrange, and he presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Turin. Applying a new solution of the problem of three bodies to the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, he obtained a secular equation of  $14'' 221$  subtractive from the mean motion of Saturn, and one of  $2'' 740$  additive for Jupiter. This was a nearer approximation to the result of observation than had been before obtained; and though it did not prove that the observed irregularities were caused by the mutual attraction of the bodies, it made men hesitate to adopt the conclusion of Euler, that gravitation could not, in this instance, explain the difference between calculation and measurement. Euler had obtained one result, Lagrange another, and Laplace was now induced to enter upon the investigation, but probably with no higher view than that of a man who solves a question his own way, to test the accuracy of two calculators who have given different answers to the same problem. But, unambitious as the object may have been which led him to commence this investigation, it resulted in the discovery of one of those important generic truths with which

the illustrious geometer on several occasions enriched science. The fact announced was that, from the earliest historic age, there had been no sensible alteration in the mean motions of any of the planets.

When a period of five-and-twenty years from the date of the first selection of the subject by the Academy of Sciences had passed away, the great problem of the origin of the inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn was unsolved. The perturbations of the planets had been rigorously calculated, the theory of gravitation had been triumphantly established, and the stability of the solar system had been demonstrated; but it was still unknown why the calculated places of the two superior planets differed from the observed. It had hitherto been supposed that the mean motion of Jupiter had been always accelerated, and that of Saturn as constantly retarded; but, about this time, Lambert discovered astronomical records which proved that opposite effects had been observed,—that the motion of Jupiter was once retarded, and of Saturn accelerated. This historic evidence of the periodicity of the irregularities in the motion of these bodies re-assured the investigators, for while it banished the idea of the possible indefinite increase of the disturbance—a certain cause of ultimate disunion—it convinced them of the existence of a compensating force and restitution of conditions. Examination followed the announcement of this important fact, and Lagrange discovered “that the mutual attraction of the principal planets cannot produce any sensible alteration in their mean motions,”—any inequality of a secular character. This limited the inquiry to the existence of a periodic inequality of long duration. Such was the state of the problem when Laplace again attacked it, and closed an important investigation which had indirectly added much to the progress of physical astronomy, by a solution of every difficulty. The irregularities of the two planets, which formerly appeared inexplicable by the law of universal gravitation, then became, as the astronomer himself said, one of its most striking proofs. The process by which he arrived at the conclusion we can scarcely hope to explain, and the relations which establish the periodicity cannot be better stated than in the words of Arago:—

“Mathematical analysis has not served to represent in finite terms the values of the derangements which each planet experiences in its movement from the action of all the other planets. In the present state of science, this value is exhibited in the form of an indefinite series of terms, diminishing rapidly in magnitude. In calculation, it is usual to neglect such of those terms as correspond, in the order of magnitude, to quantities beneath the errors of observation. But

there are cases in which the order of the term in the series does not decide whether it be small or great. Certain numerical relations between the primitive elements of the disturbing and disturbed planets may impart sensible values to terms which usually admit of being neglected. This case occurs in the perturbations of Saturn produced by Jupiter, and in those of Jupiter produced by Saturn. There exists, between the mean motions of these two great planets, a simple relation of commensurability—five times the mean motion of Saturn being, in fact, very nearly equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter. It happens, in consequence, that certain terms, which would otherwise be very small, acquire from this circumstance considerable values. Hence arise, in the movements of these two planets, inequalities of long duration, which require more than 900 years for their complete development, and which represent, with marvellous accuracy, all the irregularities disclosed by observation.

“Is it not astonishing to find in the commensurability of the mean motions of two planets, a cause of perturbation of so influential a nature? to discover that the definitive solution of an immense difficulty—which baffled the genius of Euler, and which even led persons to doubt whether the theory of gravitation was capable of accounting for all the phenomena of the heavens—should depend upon the fortuitous circumstance of five times the mean motion of Saturn being equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter? The beauty of the conception and the ultimate result are here equally worthy of admiration.”

While a few men among the most intelligent of their species were expending their intellectual strength in the examination of an irregularity of motion in the celestial mechanics, the worlds rolled on in their courses, constant even in their irregularities, neither weakened by age nor retarded by wear. But of the ambitious mortals who had been prying into the origin and probable duration of the motions of the mighty orbs, and constructing formulæ and tables for the determination of their places in times past and present, nearly all had finished their course and slept with their fathers. Clairaut had been dead nearly twenty years when Laplace published his last paper on the inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, and Euler and D'Alembert died the year before. Another race of thinkers had risen to occupy the place of the illustrious dead; youth in its vigour had supplanted imbecile age, and Herschel, telescope in hand, beckoned forward by science, had commenced that grand celestial survey which has made his name so famous among living men, and will transmit it with his researches to future times.

The discovery of so many perturbations from mutual attractions, necessarily suggested a suspicion whether the stability of the solar system might not be ultimately endangered by them.



Newton, perceiving the numerous irregularities of motion consequent to universal gravitation — the increase of one velocity and the diminution of another, the change of distances, orbits, and inclinations — might well doubt the stability of a system under the influence of such an apparent complication of forces, and feel the necessity of an Almighty hand to rearrange or restore order. What was there to assure the mind that the moon would not at some future time fall to the earth, and that one planet would not rush in giddy whirl into some new and unconceived orbit, while its neighbour, leaving its accustomed path, dropped to the sun. These were the doubts suggested by the possibility of disorder from the existence of apparently antagonistic forces. Periodic variations complete in given cycles were known; but there were also secular inequalities or, in other words, disturbances which continued to increase for ages, having no apparent relation to the times of revolution. Lagrange did much to remove the anticipation of the future total dismemberment and overthrow of the system, when he proved the mean distances of the planets to be constant, and the compensation of inequalities in limited periods, so that while a multitude of changes are effected, the preservation of the mean distance is sure. Though we are creatures of time, and every year more sensible of the fleeting character of our terrestrial existence, — though we are surrounded by objects mutable in condition and form, and are conscious that in a few years we shall cease to have an interest in anything that is done under the sun, — our minds cling gratefully to the assurance that, in the physical condition of the solar system at least, there is strength and perpetuity. We are not the inhabitants of an abandoned world! The continuance of its conditions are guaranteed by mutual attractions which, under other arrangements, might have broken up the combination. The planetary year is fixed, and the permanence of physical conditions is sure. Nature reiterates the Divine promise, “while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

When Laplace read, from the symbols he used, the history of the solar system, and prophesied its future, a serious uninstructed mind might have doubted whether he was not presumptuously approaching too near the verge which separates human knowledge from the secret things of God. But of the knowledge of “things seen and temporal” it has never been said “thus far shalt thou go but no farther.” The glory of the Creator in the universe was partially unveiled when the human intellect discovered that the stability of the system does not depend upon those simple mechanical arrangements which a

mathematician would have suggested as the most probable means of balancing forces, governing velocities, and providing an equipoise for weights. The unbroken constancy and permanence of the motions do not result from the simplest possible arrangement of the bodies, such as that suggested by Aristotle, who imagined them moving in concentric circular orbits on the same plane. The existing arrangement is one human research could not have discovered. The combinations which give stability to the solar system, establish the physical conditions of the several bodies, and, in our world, regulate the diffusion of light, the range of temperature, climate, seasons, and the distribution of land and water.

It was a bold, but not unauthorized assertion of the great geometer that whatever might be the relative masses of the planets, their eccentricities and inclinations, if small, would always remain small, supposing them to revolve round the sun in the same direction. The immense mass of the central body controls every motion, and preserves order amongst the attendant worlds, in spite of all elements of disturbance. The force of gravitation acting between the lesser bodies produces irregularities, but the sun limits and controls them. One law governs the whole system, and the apparent struggles to escape from it are the effects of its operation in other directions. We perceive no evidence of decay,—no element of permanent disturbance. The elliptical orbits of the planetary bodies change in form, and their planes oscillate, but the major axes are subject to only small periodic variations. It is a philosophy as consistent with the Divine attributes as it is honourable to the intelligence of man, which teaches that the motion of the sun and planets in the same direction, the slight eccentricities and inclinations of the planetary orbits, and the breaking up, if we may so speak, of the vast combination of worlds into secondary systems, consisting of planets and satellites, exclude the possibility of new physical conditions arising from a derangement of the system. Whatever may be the future changes of the whole or of a part, they will result from external agencies, or the direct exercise of the Almighty power.

We may close these remarks in the words Fourier used in his *Memoir of Laplace*:—

∴ Nature keeps in reserve conservative forces which are always present, and act the instant the disturbance commences, and with a force increasing with the necessity of calling in their assistance. This preservative power is found in every part of the universe. The form of the great planetary orbits and their inclinations vary in the course of ages, but these changes have their limits. The principal dimensions continue to exist, and the immense assemblage of

celestial bodies oscillates round a mean condition of the system towards which it is always drawn back. Everything is arranged for order, perpetuity, and harmony."

We have already incidentally mentioned the lunar theory as a subject of early research. Numerous perturbations of the moon long continued to be unexplained phenomena. After many tedious investigations and efforts to reconcile theory and observation, so as to make the one the expositor of the other, the task seemed so impossible of completion that it was by many thought more reasonable to doubt the existence of gravitation as the cause of those phenomena, than that the calculus was wanting in power, or the analyst in skill. In the investigation of this important branch of physical astronomy, Laplace was eminently successful.

By a comparison of ancient and modern observation, Halley discovered an irregularity in the mean motion of the moon, giving an increase from the first recorded observation to the last. Since the time of the Babylonian astronomers, this small increase has become a very appreciable quantity, and if an eclipse of the moon, which happened 3,000 years ago, were calculated by modern tables, the event would appear to have happened considerably earlier than the recorded time. After the examination of several antecedent observations, Dunthorne calculated the acceleration from the year 1700, to be 16" of longitude in a century, but Lalande reduced the quantity to 10". For the discovery of such a minute difference, a comparison of recent with the most ancient observations is necessary, but the acceleration, small as it is, is sufficient, if unlimited, to ultimately destroy the balance between the earth and the moon, and introduce an element of disorder into the system. Euler investigated the origin of this disturbance, and upon a review of his labours said, "There is not one of the equations about which any uncertainty prevails; and now it appears to be established by indisputable evidence, that the secular inequality in the moon's mean motion cannot be produced by the force of gravitation." Lagrange was not more successful in his attempt to solve the enigma; and how hopeless he thought any future research, we may gather from his advice, "the data are doubtful: reject the inequality altogether." Laplace made many trials and often took the wrong path before he was able to say, "I have found it;" but now it is found, how simple and satisfactory is the explanation! The sun by its attraction has a tendency to diminish the force of gravity between the earth and its satellite; and, therefore, if the solar attraction be variable, it will quicken or retard the angular velocity of the moon. Now, the eccentricity of the earth's



orbit has, from the time of the earliest astronomical observation, been decreasing, and as the perturbing force of the sun is inversely as the cube of the distance, the moon's motion has been accelerated. This acceleration, however, has a limit, and the catastrophe once thought to be so certainly in the womb of time—the fall of the moon to the earth—will not happen; for when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has attained its minimum, a retardation of the moon's mean motion will commence. This secular inequality is, therefore, one in which alternate effects are produced, each occupying periods of vast duration, and is as certain a measurer of time as the vibrations of a pendulum; but how august is the fact of the existence of such a chronometer!

We might proceed to explain how Laplace successfully investigated other lunar inequalities, tracing two of them to the spheroidal figure of the earth; how he detected an exact commensurability in the periods of some of Jupiter's satellites, and entered into a profound investigation of the theory of tides. These labours he completed, and after adding so much to science by original investigations, he entertained the idea of collecting together the researches of his predecessors and contemporaries, and of writing a system of philosophy founded on the theory of gravitation, employing a uniform method of analysis. He lived to realize the noble conception. The "*Traité de Mécanique Céleste*" is one of the most valued efforts of genius, a prodigy of human industry, admitting comparison with the noblest intellectual efforts of the race. In this work, the author brings before us the relations and mutual dependences of material creation, draws the picture of a system of worlds, mighty in its dimensions, but more grand in its simplicity, and adduces evidences of its unity more difficult to conceive than its extension.

But we cannot speak of the progress of physical astronomy in that remarkable age in which the intellectual vigour of France was pre-eminently developed, without associating the name of Lagrange with that of Laplace. These two eminent mathematicians were often occupied with the same subject, and announced the same truth obtained by different processes. We follow them, step by step, in their researches, uncertain to whom pre-eminence should be given. Both labour in the same field, and when they do not make the same discovery by following different paths, each so much enlarges our conception of the vast region to be explored, and supplies so many facilities for following his investigation, or for commencing an independent inquiry, that we lose sight of the possibility of a rivalry in honour. Lagrange possessed a complete command of the

calculus, and was distinguished by the grandeur of his design, the abstract form in which he presented it, and the unity of means by which he attained his object. In the "*Mécanique Analytic*" he follows his subject through all its phases from a single principle, and completes his work, if we may so speak, with the same tool. The term, elegance, may be thought an unsuitable description of a mathematical calculation, but if symmetry of design, and simplicity of action, be deserving that name, it may be applied to the investigations of Lagrange. Laplace excelled Lagrange as much in the adaptation of the calculus to the discovery of causes, and, if we may so speak, in the limitation of his potent instrument to the subject of investigation, as Lagrange excelled him in the generalization and elegance of his analysis; but any comparison of one with the other would be impossible if each were not eminent in the quality for which the other is pre-eminent. They were both inferior to Newton in originality of thought, and that power of conception which seems like intuition. Lagrange was accustomed to say, "Newton was the greatest genius that ever lived, and the most fortunate: we do not find more than once a system of the world to establish." And Laplace probably felt how much less would have been left for him to discover if the great master of science had possessed his means of investigation, when he wrote the high encomium which nothing but a consciousness of its strict truthfulness could have drawn from his pen: "The imperfection of the infinitesimal calculus, when first discovered, did not allow Newton to resolve completely the difficult problems which the system of the world offers, and he was often compelled to give mere hints, which are always uncertain until they are confirmed by a rigorous analysis. Notwithstanding these unavoidable defects, the number and generality of his discoveries relative to this system, and many of the most interesting points of the physico-mathematical sciences, the multitude of original and profound views, which have been the germ of the most brilliant theories of the geometers of the last century, all of which were presented with much elegance, will assure to the '*Principia*' a pre-eminence above all the other productions of the human intellect."

While the Continental astronomers were laboriously prosecuting the science of celestial mechanics, the English astronomers were improving the instruments of observation, measuring the planets, speculating upon their physical structure, tracing the orbits of comets, sweeping the heaven of fixed stars, resolving nebulae, and gauging the depths of the firmament. The men who were thus occupied, had acquired pre-eminent skill as observers, but they also possessed extraordinary powers

as interpreters of nature, and while following the leadings of science under the guidance of the inductive philosophy, obtained such a glimpse of the boundless magnitude of the universe, of the innumerable multitude of suns, literally as numberless as the sands on a sea-shore, and of the incomprehensible glory of God in his creation, as reduced man and all his works to their native littleness, but confirmed the human spirit, so bright in its intelligence, so clear in its anticipations of immortality, in its commanding elevation above all physical and material existence. As the labours of Lagrange and Laplace in France have guided us in following the progress of physical astronomy, so the observations and researches of Bradley and William Herschel in England, the former as an instrumental, the latter as a telescopic observer, represent the advance of that practical acquaintance with the heavens upon which all astronomical knowledge depends. Although the fame of Bradley was established by the discovery of Aberration and Nutation, we are scarcely less indebted to him for invaluable improvements in astronomical instruments, and that vast series of observation which the illustrious Bessel so admirably used in his research upon the motion of the solar system in space. It is not, however, of him or of his labours that we have now to speak, but of Herschel, that admirable practical astronomer, who having communicated his first scientific memoir to the Royal Society, in the fortieth year of his age, continued for thirty-nine consecutive years to enrich the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" with his labours, and while he rivalled in honour his great contemporaries Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, lived like them to an advanced age, in possession of all his faculties, and with undiminished interest in scientific pursuits.

When Herschel commenced his career as an observer, astronomers had nearly completed their survey of that vast region of the solar system lying within the orbit of Jupiter. If we except the asteroids, every planetary body within that space had been then discovered, and little, comparatively, remained to be done beyond the confirmation or correction of previous observations and hypotheses. There can be no better proof of the minuteness and care with which previous astronomers had investigated the forms, orbits, revolutions, and intimations of the physical conditions of these bodies, than his inability to make any large addition to the knowledge they had acquired. If we except his examination of the ellipticity and physical state of the planet Mars, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of the solar spots, there is little in his survey of this portion of the heavens to demand especial notice. But when we pass beyond it into that more distant region little known to the ancient



astronomers, we begin to appreciate the value of such a guide; and the farther we advance in space the more clear are the evidences of his power to use with skill the telescopes he constructed, to apply them to right purposes, and to explore intellectually, as well as visually, the crowded firmament. Cassini had discovered two bands upon the disk of the planet Saturn parallel to the plane of its ring, but in his mind the fact was barren. Herschel directed his telescope to the same object, and discovered the rotatory motion of the planet on an axis perpendicular to the plane of the ring.

Saturn and its appendage sadly perplexed Galileo, and their true connexion was unknown till Huygens announced, "The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." Herschel turned his magnificent instrument to this curiously constituted body, and he found two rings, having a rotatory motion round the planets, of immense diameter, and of such an inconsiderable thickness, that we can only represent the relative dimensions by a ring nine inches in diameter cut out of writing paper. Five satellites had been discovered—one by Huygens, four by Cassini. Herschel, with his forty-feet telescope, found two others. This, as was reasonably supposed, completed the system; but in our own day, an eighth was simultaneously discovered in that disproportionately wide space between the fourth and fifth satellites, by Mr. Lassell in England, and Mr. Bond in America. The planet Uranus and its six satellites were added to our representations of the solar system by this extraordinary man; and it is a curious fact that for more than half a century the existence of the moons was only known upon his testimony, for they had not been seen by any other astronomer. The perturbations of this planet, whose presence Herschel detected among a host of other bodies, from which it could not be distinguished by a less practised eye, or a mind of less sagacity, have in our own day led to the discovery of a planet still more distant.

We must now watch the astronomer of Slough while he is sweeping the heavens with his gigantic telescopes, gauging the depths of space, assigning a form to the combination of innumerable stars, and describing the motion of systems. Although the stars visible to the naked eye are not many thousands, the number is greatly increased by a small telescope, and with every addition to the illuminating and magnifying powers the number revealed increases at so large a ratio as to leave the imagination far below the reality. When Galileo's little tube came into the hands of his contemporaries they found that the star sphere was no longer a canopy of gems not too numerous to deck the

throne of an eastern potentate, but an unlimited space, containing, so far as man's capacity of observation is concerned, an infinite number of worlds. One of the first discoveries made by the telescope was, that some objects which appear to be single stars, consist of two stars so near to each other as to appear but one. When Herschel commenced his examination of these bodies, hoping to measure a parallax, a considerable number had been discovered, but of the 269, described in his first catalogue, little more than forty had been previously observed. It was at this time that Mitchell pointed out the strong probability of a physical connexion between the two members of a double star, and of their forming a binary system, bound together by the force of gravity, one body revolving round the other in a period which might be measured. The correctness of this conjecture Herschel demonstrated twenty years after it had been announced, for in that period the positions of many of the stars had changed sufficiently to permit an approximate estimate of the period of revolution, and in one instance the revolution had been completed. Thus it was demonstrated that gravitation binds together in the same chain of cause and effect the most distant globes, and acts as a universal force upon matter, whether in the body of the sun or in a fixed star.

When the great astronomer passes beyond the limit where his telescope gives a correct definition, the imagination is excited, and though he never loses *his* hold of the hand of science, those who follow him are apt to take a more adventurous flight, and forget the necessity of a guide in those dim realms of space where they seem to be looking from a distance into the laboratory of world. The telescope is no sooner in the hands of an intelligent observer but he discovers, apparently floating in space, many nebulous forms—cloud-like extensions—which, but for their permanence of place, might be thought travellers through the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere; but if, when the eye has been for a time fixed on one of those cloudy spots, an instrument of higher power be used, the dim mass and indefinite outline is broken into thousands of brilliant spots, as perfect in their stellar forms as those which stud the heavens every cloudless night, and he feels as one would, who, in perfect consciousness, closed his eyes upon a mist, and raised them to look into a serene hemisphere of stars. Guided by the imperfect observations of his predecessors upon a few of these nebulous forms, not exceeding 150, Herschel, with his noble instruments, commenced his observations, and in a few years catalogued 2,500. But with him the investigation was not confined to the labour of collecting,—of cataloguing as many as

possible ; but he did this to satisfy the more intellectual desire of classification preparatory to a theoretical explanation of their several conditions. The idea of comparison between the genesis and progressive development of organic structures, and the formation of worlds, oppressed his mind, and led him to the assumption of an hypothesis which for a time was accepted by men of science, but which, like every other effort of man to construct a cosmogony, was but an imagination. He thought that he looked into the vast capacity of space where there was nothing but luminous nebulous matter, —he looked again, and it was broken up, condensing round centres in all those stages of formation which must intervene between a purely nebulous extension and a perfect world rotating on its axis and revolving in a fixed orbit. But another astronomer has come with a still larger instrument, and the phantom vision has faded away. That which was in Herschel's telescope a luminous nebulous matter, has been resolved by Rosse into millions of stars, and all men now believe that if instruments still more powerful resolved the nebulae which still remain in cloudiness, they would reveal others more distant. Vast, beyond all conception, is this visible universe. The light of the nearest fixed star is travelling three years in space before it reaches the earth. We see a star of the sixth magnitude as it was thirty-six years ago ; the light of the most distant star visible in Herschel's forty-feet telescope was nearly 7,000 years on its journey, and Lord Rosse's six-feet telescope exhibits rays which for more than 10,000 years have been flying through space with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second. We may well exclaim, after the contemplation of such facts "O Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of the man that thou visitest him." But it was man who discovered them.

We might follow farther the steps of the great astronomical observer of the eighteenth century ; but we have said enough to indicate the state of the science as it was left by Laplace and Herschel. To the masterly biographies in the volume before us we refer our readers for further information, and whether they examine them simply as records of the power of mind in difficult investigations, or as disquisitions upon the progress of science, they cannot fail to be amply repaid for the time they expend upon them.



## ART. II.—SARDINIA: ITS PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY.

1. *Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia.* By W. H. Smyth. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.
2. *Voyage en Sardaigne.* Par A. de la Marmora. 8vo. Paris. 1839—40.
3. *Cenni sulle Condizioni Attuali della Sardegna.* — Carbonazzi e Bernardi. 8vo. Torino. 1849.
4. *Compendio della Storia di Sardegna.* — Pietro Martini. 12mo. Cagliari. 1853.
5. *Cenni sulla Costituzione Metallifera della Sardegna.* — Baldracco. 8vo. Torino. 1854.
6. *Six Semaines dans l'Isle de Sardaigne.* Par Edouard Delessert. 12mo. Paris. 1855.
7. *Delle Supreme Necessità della Sardegna.* — Jacopo Virgilio. 12mo. Torino. 1857.

By what singular peculiarity of the human mind are we to account for the propensity of nearly all commercial nations to turn aside from the fields of enterprise which lie immediately at their own doors? This question has been strongly impressed upon ourselves in consequence of some visits lately made to one of the less frequently visited parts of Spain, and to the Island of Sardinia; and as our present government has incurred a considerable outlay for the purpose of opening up traffic with the interior of Africa, or with Japan, we have almost involuntarily been driven to ask, why the places we ourselves have so examined, situated as they are close to our own shores, or in the direct high-road of our commerce, have been treated with total neglect? Really, we can discover no other reason than the mere fact of the patent advantages of the places referred to. That which we can have easily, we too often undervalue; and we English especially, are too much inclined to take “*omne ignotum pro magnifico*.” So at least do we explain the general ignorance with respect to the marvellous regions it has been our own good fortune recently to inspect. Our principal object now is, to direct public attention to an extremely interesting country, which offers a field for commercial enterprise of the most remarkable fertility; and thus at the same time to endeavour to advance the interests of our own countrymen, and those of the citizens of the noblest and most enlightened government of modern Italy.

As any one may perceive who looks at a good set of maps, the island of Sardinia is one of the largest islands of the Medi-

terranean. Its extreme northern point is the Promontorio del Falcone, in latitude  $41^{\circ} 15' 42''$ ; its southern point is the Capo Teulada, in  $38^{\circ} 51' 53''$ . Cape Comino is the eastern extremity, and is situated in longitude (west of Paris)  $7^{\circ} 30' 06''$ ; and Capo Argenteria, in longitude (west of Paris)  $5^{\circ} 48' 16''$ , constitutes the western extremity. The length from the Promontorio del Falcone, to the Capo Teulada, is about  $144\frac{1}{2}$  geographical miles; the distance between Capes Comino and Argenteria is  $77\frac{1}{2}$  miles; the development of the shores of the island is about 793 geographical miles (of 60 to the degree); and its area is about 6,975 square miles.

In the southern part of the island the principal direction of the mountain chains is from north to south; but about the middle, the mountains Del Marghine branch off from the ridge of the Goccano almost at right angles, and in the northern division the axis of the mountains has a general direction nearly east and west. The geological character of Sardinia is very curious; and although it has been studied carefully by several eminent observers, we suspect that much has still to be learned with respect to the modifications produced upon the earlier strata by the more recent plutonic action. Towards the south-east, the formations are mostly of the early secondary series, but they are covered in some places by immense tertiary deposits, and have been strangely modified by an upheaval of trachytic rocks. Towards the north, the prevailing character of the geology is volcanic, and there are numerous traces of very recent eruptions; extinct craters—immense sheets of lava and basalt—are to be found over the face of the country, and the earlier formations have been charged with minerals under circumstances which would merit particular inquiry. Of course, the physical aspect of the country bears evident traces of these geological conditions; and in the plutonic, the silurian limestone, and the volcanic districts, it is rugged and picturesque; whilst in the tertiary districts, the undulations of the hills are rounder, and the level plains are more extensive. There are not, however, any hills of remarkable height, for the loftiest peak of the Gennargentu range, in the very centre of the island, situated, moreover, at the point of intersection of two lines of direction of mountain chains, does not exceed (according to M. de la Marmora) 6,194 feet in height, although the last maps published at Turin represent that height as being 7,106 feet. It follows from this comparatively small elevation of the mountain chains of Sardinia, that the small quantity of snow which falls in winter disappears at an early period of the hot summer of these latitudes; and as, moreover, the soil of the chains is not of a retentive character, the rivers of the island

are almost lost in summer, or at least are reduced to very insignificant threads of water. There are in some parts marshes of considerable extent, arising either from the action of the marine alluvions upon the discharge of the rivers, or from local interferences with their courses. During eight or nine months of the year sufficient water flows in the river beds to maintain the brilliance and the verdure of the vegetation; but during the other three or four months everything appears to suffer from the want of water; for, although the climate is insular, and the atmosphere is very different from the dry, parched atmosphere of the main lands of Spain or of Italy, yet during the months of May, June, July, and August, little rain falls, and the supplies from the hills are exhausted.

M. de la Marmora states, that the mean temperature of the southern part of Sardinia is rather below that of Naples, which is, however, situated at a higher northern latitude; and he attributes this milder temperature to the insular position of the former. The same fact may also explain the more even character of the Sardinian climate; but there does not seem to have been made a sufficient number of meteorological observations to warrant any very definite opinions upon the subject. The rain-fall indicated by M. de la Marmora, and the peculiar nature of the winds which frequently blow, present, however, phenomena well worthy of observation, and we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the Sardinian government will establish a series of local and national establishments for the purpose of recording the very important class of observations connected with meteorology. A consecutive record of the rain-fall of the island would be, for instance, an object of paramount importance before any really valuable measures could be adopted for the purpose of remedying the inequalities of the flow of water in the rivers, or of establishing a system of irrigation, by which alone the natural summer droughts could be effectually counteracted.

The fauna of Sardinia is such as might have been expected from the short sketch above given of its geology, and of its climate. There are few noxious animals or reptiles; and, indeed, with the exception of the buffalo, mufflon, stag, fallow-deer, wild boar, goat, fox, weasel, martin, the green snake, the tarantella, scorpion, and centipede, no wild or dangerous creatures exist on the island. Domesticated animals thrive there in a remarkable manner, so far at least as their numerous propagation is concerned; although horses, asses, and cattle degenerate in size in course of time, and the sheep assume the peculiar characteristics of mountain sheep in hot climates, that is to say, they become small, thin, and clothed with lank and rather fine wool.



The birds of Sardinia are more varied than the quadrupeds or the reptiles; no doubt because the island furnishes a convenient resting-place for the birds who alternately frequent Europe and Africa during their migrations. There are occasionally to be found eagles, falcons, vultures; numerous wading birds and ducks haunt the marshes; whilst partridges, quails, and we believe pheasants, are to be found in the interior, together with the usual varieties of small birds ordinarily met with in France, Italy, or the north of Africa. Sardinia has its insect plagues in abundance, nor do the habits of the islanders in any way tend to counteract their annoyances; but we neither saw, nor have we heard, or read of, any creatures, denizens of the island, of this branch of animated life, which call for particular notice at present, and we, therefore, content ourselves by referring such of our readers as may desire to study more profoundly the fauna of Sardinia, to the works of M. Cetti, "*Sur l'Histoire Naturelle de l'Isle de Sardaigne*," of M. Razza upon its flora, and M. Gemelli upon its agriculture, in addition to those named at the head of this article.

But who can adequately describe the beauty of the flora of this favoured region? It was our fortune to traverse on horseback some of the more hilly districts upon the seaboard of the south-west corner of the island in the month of June, before the summer heats had entirely parched up the vegetation; and to our northern eyes the beauty and fertility of the district seemed to be unbounded. If it be cockneyism to express admiration for such luxuriant nature, we willingly plead guilty to the accusation; and indeed we confess that we should think ill of the man who could traverse unmoved the solitudes of the almost primeval forests, or the inexpressibly rich gardens of this part of the island. Englishmen, who are accustomed at home to roll along turnpike roads, to travel in express trains, or to steam along monotonous rivers, require occasionally to find themselves face to face with nature in all her savage grandeur, in order to counteract the demoralizing effects of a morbid civilization; and after a tolerably extensive range of travel, we are inclined to assert, that nowhere in Europe can we so easily meet with virgin forests, or unsophisticated nature, as in Sardinia. Not that the interest attached to the island is, however, purely of this present, or of this physical description; for in the very heart of dense forests of oak, cork, juniper, chestnut, or fir trees, are to be found remains of civilizations which have long ceased to rule the world; and relicts of the Phœnician, Carthaginian, Pelasgic, and Roman conquerors of Sardinia, may be discovered under the luxuriant growth of an almost tropical brushwood. The very trees, which constitute

the beauty and the wealth of the market garden, indicate, too, passages of the history of the country; and its various invaders have benefited it by the introduction of many plants, trees, and shrubs, which now appear to be indigenous, so well have they adapted themselves to the climate and soil of Sardinia. It is not our intention, however, to enter into any disquisition upon the origin of the different plants we saw growing wild, or almost untended, in the open air; but it may suffice to mention that near Cagliari, the palm, aloe, agave, cactus, orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig, almond, olive, apricot, peach, vine, cherry, apple, pear, melon, oleander, myrtle, laurel, and arbutus grow without requiring pains or culture; that on the uplands and in the forests, the evergreen oak, the cork-tree, filirea, corbezzolo, juniper, chestnut, walnut, beech, birch, fir, larch, poplar, willow, the wild pistachio or the lentisco, the olivastro or the wild olive, with numerous species of briars, genets, brooms, furze, &c., are to be found; and that in the cultivated plains nearly every valuable garden plant, every grass or grain, which is esteemed in Europe, grows with the fertility we might naturally expect from the peculiar climate of the district, acting upon a soil composed of decomposed volcanic rocks. Indian corn, beet-root, and tobacco, are cultivated with remarkable success; cotton might be grown, and we suspect also that the sugar-cane might be added to the list of productions of the island, whilst unquestionably rice might be cultivated in the marsh lands, which now only furnish luxuriant crops of reeds and canes, or perhaps we might add, innumerable gnats and other insects, with the pernicious agues or fevers that have always been so fatal to foreigners especially, that even Tacitus thought it worth while to allude to them in a manner we commend to the especial attention of the Earl of Derby. Speaking of the exile of the Jews to Sardinia, the old Roman coolly observes: "*Et si ob gravitatem cœli interiissent, vile damnum.*" (Annal ii. 85). The reader who would pursue the study of this branch of the natural history of the island, is, however, referred to Gemelli's "*Rifiorimento della Sardegna*;" to J. Hyacintho Morris's "*Flora Sardo*;" to Captain W. H. Smyth's "*Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia*;" and incidentally to Sachero's work, "*Dell' Intemperie di Sardegna e delle Febbri Periodiche Perniciosi.*" M. de la Marmora's great work contains some curious information about the ichthyology of these regions; but both it and Captain Smyth's "*Sketch*" are, in this respect, somewhat incomplete; nor are we aware that their deficiencies are supplied by any other author, although the gastronomic recommendations of the thon, sardine, anchovy, lupo, mugine, triglia, vesuvio, eels, trout, &c.,

are such as to render it a matter of surprise that the natural kingdom to which they belong should have escaped notice.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact connected with the natural, and at the same time with the politico-economical history of Sardinia, is the extraordinary amount and variety of its minerals, and the neglect with which they are treated. M. Baldracco has indeed written a very able description of the mineralogy of the island, and his book, the "*Cenni sulla Costituzione Metallifera della Sardegna*," is frequently referred to and quoted; but no adequate practical use has been made of the information it contains, and this branch of national wealth is still but slightly attended to. Yet Sardinia could produce, in very large quantities, lead, zinc, antimony, manganese, iron, it is even said silver and mercury, marbles, trachytic granites, slates, basalts, puzzolanos, freestone, a tertiary millstone of an irregular cellular nature, closely resembling the French burrs of La Ferté sous Jonarre, and a lignite, which occurs at times under such conditions as to be, to all intents and purposes, equal to a coal, and thus opens again the question of, "What is coal?" The Carthaginian, Roman, and Andalusian masters of the island seem to have worked some of its mines in a rude and imperfect manner, for numerous shafts, galleries, and cinder heaps, are found in the midst of the existing forests, and the high road from Cagliari to Iglesias is even almost literally metallised with the scoria from some old Andalusian workings. Some little attention has been paid also to the mineral springs of the island, but they have not been studied as carefully as they deserve to be; for the very recent volcanic character of the northern parts of the island would lead to the belief that many curious discoveries might be made with respect to them. It may, by the way, be worth while here to observe, that although the period of the activity of the extinct Sardinian volcanoes was evidently only separated from the existing epoch by a short geological interval, and the great centre of the volcanic action of the Mediterranean is so near to the island, there is every reason to believe that the latter is remarkably free from the effects of geological disturbances of that nature. There are, indeed, ruins of the remotest antiquity, and constructed in a style which would have allowed of their being easily destroyed by an earthquake, still in existence, and without any trace of such disturbing accidents; whilst the little that is really known of the thermal springs of Sardinia is not of a nature to induce us to believe that volcanic action takes place near the surface of that island. We cannot quit this part of our subject, however, without saying that we believe firmly, that the mineral wealth of Sardinia will, at a period we hope sufficiently near



to our own days, render it a busy seat of industry and commerce; and we can but repeat our surprise that such immense riches should have been allowed to remain unproductive so long. The only explanation we can give for the neglect is, that there is no difficulty to be encountered here in securing the desired objects of the adventurers who scour the four quarters of the globe in search of fortune. Captain Smyth's amusing and very faithful "Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia," ought alone to have sufficed, long years ago, to direct attention to the importance of its mineral wealth, even if M. Baldracco's work had not been accessible to the majority of our reading public.

The human race in Sardinia did not strike us as being remarkable for its beauty; but rather contrariwise,—it seemed stunted in stature, and by no means gifted with personal beauty. There were, however, in the parts of the island we visited, very few dwarfish or deformed beings, and in the mountainous districts especially, the Sards appear to be well-formed and vigorous, of clearer complexions, lighter eyes, and more European type, than the dwellers of the plains, who have the dark eyes, hair, and skin, and strongly marked indications of the north African tribes. The general impression produced on us by these people was, that they are intelligent, sober, industrious, hospitable, and patriotic; slow to change habits, but open to conviction; religious, but like all southerners, sorely given to revenge, and, it is said, even to petty dishonesty. The little that we saw of them certainly inspired us with the highest possible opinion of their kindness to strangers, and of their desire to benefit by the progress of civilization; nor do we attach much importance to the tales of bandits, outlaws, or other bugbears, in which one of the authors cited at the head of this article, M. Virgilio, indulges. They wear a very peculiar and striking costume, and the men in particular are clad in a style so nearly resembling that of the Greek sailors, that we suspect that it must be peculiarly adapted to the climate of these latitudes. It consists of a dark, short-sleeved, close-fitting jacket, which allows the shirt to be visible about the neck and arms; round the waist is a leather belt, from which a short black petticoat, or kilt, is suspended, hanging over a large white pantaloon gathered at the knee into a close-fitting black gaiter; the long black Phrygian cap terminates this singular costume, excepting when the Sardinian is on his travels, for he then wears a broad-brimmed, high-peaked, glazed hat, of the most unsightly character. The women wear skirts—of moderate length and reasonable girth—of the most brilliant colours, terminating generally in a velvet corsage opened at

the bosom, and showing the chemisette, which is made of the most expensive materials that can be obtained. Shoes are generally worn by the men, but in the country districts the women habitually go barefoot; and from this fact, and the common neglect of washing, in consequence, perhaps, of the scarcity of water in summer, the lower orders are too often repulsively dirty. Perhaps, the style of domestic architecture may also have had some influence in producing the habitual dirtiness of the Sardinian peasants; for in the more fertile parts of the island, the houses are simply built of sun-dried bricks, bedded in clay; they are covered with tiles laid upon canes, have only one story but slightly raised above the ground, and are made to hold the human beings, the poultry, and the corn-mill and its "su molenti" (a little donkey, of a race specially reserved for this service), without a division or separation. Outside the door is placed an oven, and the pulley and bucket for raising water from the tank; every family, in fact, bakes for its own consumption, and every house has a receptacle for the rain water of the winter season, which is stored in the rudest possible manner for the summer months. Captain Smyth might well exclaim, that "It is surprising that with such inconvenient residences and uncleanly habits, the natives should remain so generally healthy as they do in all those parts not subject to *intempérie*. Neither longevity nor large families are so common as in England, yet there are numerous instances of both." For our own part, we suspect that to strong constitutions these details of daily life are matters of little moment, and, therefore, we are prepared to believe the accounts of extraordinary longevity recorded of Sardinians. But the important question with respect to national habits, is their effect upon *all* who are born, and on this account we cannot but express our regret that the present enlightened government of Sardinia has not yet been able to direct its attention to the preparation of a complete set of statistical tables of the ordinary conditions of the population of the island.

It may be as well to add that the habits, customs, dress, and general bearing of the dwellers in the large towns of Sardinia—of the *cittadini*, in fact—are moulded as closely as possible upon those of Genoa and Turin; that the tendency to become Italian is gaining ground through town and country; and that although the old rivalries and jealousies between *cittadini* and *contadini*, between *Calaritani* and *Sassarese*, still exist, the inhabitants of the island are becoming more and more to consider themselves members of the same political body, and to merge their petty quarrels for the benefit of the common country. It is, of course, impossible to say what may be the ultimate consequences of the

recent constitutional changes in the Sardinian monarchy, but certainly the result of those changes, so far as the island of Sardinia itself is concerned, has hitherto been to infuse an element of progress into society which, in conjunction with increased activity in the execution of the public works, will, we are convinced, rapidly change the face of the island. The execution of the electric telegraph, which places Cagliari in direct communication with London and Paris, and the steamboat traffic between Porto Torres and Marseilles, and between Cagliari and Genoa, must also materially aid the advance of civilization; and we may mention as one illustration of the existing ferment of men's minds, even in this remote corner of the world, that not less than three daily journals are published in the island. The schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad; but as the Sardinians still retain a firm conviction in the religious opinions of their ancestors, there is reason to hope that the desolating effects of modern socialist doctrines will not extend to these primitive shores.

We may conclude this hasty sketch of the physical history of Sardinia by remarking that Captain Smyth and M. de la Marmora have given some very elaborate disquisitions upon the singular monuments known by the name of *Nurgahs*, which occur in such extraordinary numbers over the surface of the island; and that from the illustrations of their works, as well as from M. Delessert's cocknified description of his adventures, the reader can form a very correct opinion of these structures. Neither Mr. Smith nor M. de la Marmora have ventured to decide the question of their origin; and indeed the frequent occurrence of Roman pottery and coins in their interior, to some extent, justifies the reserve of those officers in the matter; but there seems to be little reason to doubt that the Tyrrhennian colonists of the island were their builders, for the resemblance between these monuments and the Etruscan tombs is too decided to allow of our supposing it to be accidental; and this, in spite of the subsequent uses to which the *Nurgahs* may have been converted. There are several interesting remains of the public works of Rome to be found in Sardinia, such as the roads, bridges, aqueducts, temples, caverns, &c., represented in the books of Smyth, De la Marmora, and Delessert, with considerable spirit and fidelity; but none of them are of a sufficiently bold character to justify our dwelling specially upon them, unless, indeed, the bridge over the Rio Turritano be excepted: a very tolerable illustration of this work is given opposite page 256 of Captain Smyth's "Sketch." The Carthaginians have left many traces of their worship, but few traces of their public works in the island; and the same remark may be made with respect to the Gothic



and Saracenic invaders of the early Middle Ages, although, unquestionably, it is possible to trace the influence of the Saracenic taste in the more recently constructed buildings. But the Arragonese rulers of Sardinia seem to have left the most distinct traces of their dominion ; for the buildings erected between 1309 and 1708 are characterized by the same feeling and the same taste which may be observed in Spain at the same period. There are several very remarkable specimens of mediæval fortifications still extant, and some very curious towers, gates, belfries, &c., of the same period ; and in Cagliari itself, there are some churches and cloisters of about the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, which are of singular beauty. In one of these mediæval churches, that of the P. P. Claustrali, near the gate of S. Carlo, of Cagliari, there are still to be seen, mouldering in the damp chapels or cloisters, some early paintings of the real pre-Raphaelite school, of singular interest, beauty, and *naïveté* ; and in the Cathedral is a picture well worthy of remark, stated to have been painted by Giotto. Alas ! these art-treasures are but little estimated here, and the good fathers appear surprised at the admiration with which strangers regard them ; in the meanwhile, they leave them exposed to the ravages of dust, climate, or insects, without taking any precautions for their defence or repairs. Both at Cagliari and at Sassari there are some remarkable specimens of the Spanish renaissance style of architecture, and some of the later constructions of the Spanish rulers of the island display a strange mixture of the spirit of the Christian and the Mohammedan artistic inspiration ; but it is perhaps worthy of remark that no local, or nationally distinctive character can be observed in any building of the island nor has it produced any artist of mark or eminence amongst those, at least, who have commenced "a school." We suspect that the depressing influence of the political dependence in which Sardinia has until very recently been kept, has had much to do with this absence of originality in art ; for the natives of the island have unquestionably an inherent taste for beauty of form and colour, and the few buildings which survive of a purely national character, bear indications of a strongly marked tone of thought and feeling in accordance with the tastes of the people for whom they were designed. The small Cathedral and the Bishop's Palace at Iglesias, may be referred to as illustrations of this tendency of the Sardinians to impress their own character upon their public buildings ; and from the hasty glances we were able to obtain of some other churches and castles, we are convinced that the archæological history of the island would amply repay a more consecutive examination than it has yet received. We may add, that the Museum of Cagliari

contains many very interesting relics of the arts of the various tribes which have ruled Sardinia, from the Pelasgians, Carthaginians, and Romans, to the Spaniards and Austrians, although, by the way, the most valuable legacy the latter have left in the island is the introduction of the tobacco plant, which can hardly be considered to enter into the domain of art.

That an island possessing the natural advantages we have endeavoured thus briefly to sketch, situated, moreover, in the very centre of the intellectual movement of the ancient world, should have attracted attention at a very early period, was naturally to be expected. Antiquarians differ as to its aboriginal possessors; but there appear to be good reasons for believing that the Phœnicians, the Tyrrhenians, and the Pelasgian tribes of early Greece, established colonies in the island. It is said that some of the fugitives from Troy also settled here; but the earliest powerful nation which assumed a sway over the native tribes was unquestionably the Carthaginian, which about the middle of the sixth century before our era, sent its first expedition against Sardinia from its colony of Sicily, and about the end of the same century Carthage had so completely established its power as to include the island in a list of its possessions, to which it allowed the Romans to traffic under the provisions of the commercial treaty, concluded before the commencement of the first Punic war. In the course of the latter struggle the Romans seem, for the first time, to have attempted to deprive their rivals of this important colony, and they sent an expedition under the orders of L. C. Scipio, about the year B.C. 260, for the purpose of driving them out; but it was not until the year B.C. 236, that T. Manlius Torquatus was able sufficiently to overcome the resistance of the Carthaginians and of the native tribes, or to establish the Roman power, to justify the senate in declaring Sardinia a province of the great Roman Republic. The natives of the island, however, who had never quietly admitted the superiority of their old masters, were but little disposed to submit to the harder yoke of the Romans; and, for many years they maintained an ineffectual struggle against the mistress of the ancient world. During the struggle they displayed great heroism, but were of course ultimately compelled to yield to the superior skill and discipline of their opponents, who, after the conclusion of the third Punic war, and the destruction of their formidable rival, Carthage, were able to crush all such local and isolated attempts at resistance to the extension of their majestic and absorbing unity. It may, perhaps, be worth while here to mention that in one of the battles which took place between the Romans and the Sardo-Carthaginian allies, Tosto, son of Amsicora, the chief of the

native tribes, was slain by Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, if we may put any confidence in Silius Italicus. Poets seem formerly to have been more decidedly "men of action," as our neighbours would say, than they have been of late years, and Æschylus, Ennius, Cervantes, and Camoens, distinguished themselves as much by the sword as by the pen. Other distinguished characters of Roman history figured in the struggle for the possession of Sardinia, and amongst them were the great M. P. Cato, Tiberius, and Caius Gracchus, M. Aurelius Orestes, Perpenna, M. Attius Balbus, Pompey, Quintus Tullius Cicero, brother of the orator, Marcus Scaurus, in whose behalf M. T. Cicero uttered one of his most skilful pieces of special pleading, and thus secured his immunity from the punishment due to his oppression of the poor Sardinians, for whom the great advocate seems to have entertained almost a personal antipathy, on account of some private quarrel with a native, just as Horace abused the island on account of his antipathy to Tigellius, the favourite of Augustus, and one of the most renowned *improvisatori* of ancient Italy. Sextus Pompeius, son of the Triumvir, appears to have obtained and secured the possession of Sardinia for some time ; but it was of far too much importance to imperial Rome, as a source of grain, for it to remain long in the hands of an opponent of the central government, and Augustus shortly afterwards attacked and destroyed the power of this last representative of the aristocratic party. From the battle of Actium to the destruction of the Roman Empire, little of general interest appears to have taken place in the island ; that is to say, in a political sense. Christianity was introduced at a very early period of church history, and the martyrology of Sardinia is remarkably rich in its lists of victims for the sake of truth, although the names and actions look apocryphal enough to our modern eyes, notwithstanding the popular respect with which the reputation of Saints Gavino, Proto, Giannario, Saturnino, Lussorio, Cessello, Simplicio, Efisio, and his mother Restituta, Eusebius, and Ignatius, are still regarded by the inhabitants of the island. Cagliari, the present capital, was very soon after the preaching of Christianity, erected into the dignity of the metropolitan see of the island ; and Quintasius, the bishop, who assisted at the Synod of Arles about 314, was the first prelate whose name has been clearly identified in connexion with that dignity. Septimus Severus was quæstor of Sardinia before succeeding to the empire ; Theodosius seems to have paid some attention to the administration of the island, and to have punished Natalius, the governor, for his malversations, with rather more justice than Severus allowed Plautius



to punish Racius Constans, the prætor of his day, for merely removing his statues.

After the division of the Roman Empire amongst the feeble successors of Constantine—falsely called the Great—Sardinia passed generally under the dominion of the Emperors of the West; but about 455, the Vandals, under Genseric, obtained possession of the island for a short period, and therein established, as they did wherever they attained power, the Arian schism. The Christian church during the fifth century was sorely agitated by these troubles, and Sardinia bore her part of the trials of the age nobly and well. Simmaco, elected pope in 498, was himself a Sardinian, and he played a very conspicuous part in the early church history, on account of the schism produced by his election; whilst Saint Fulgentius and the Bishop of Hippona sought refuge in the island from the persecutions of Frumondus, the reigning Vandal monarch (504): the latter brought with him the relics of St. Augustin, his predecessor, which remained in and were supposed to hallow the isle for some centuries. About 530, Justinian attacked the Vandal dominion in Western Europe and in Africa, by the army under the orders of Belisarius; and directly that general had destroyed the power of the Vandals, in the great battle fought against them in 534, when they were under the orders of Gelimer and Zazone, he sent an army, under Cirillius, to seize possession of Sardinia. In 551, Totila, King of the Goths, succeeded in wresting the possession of the island from Justinian; but the power of the Emperor of the East was restored in 553 by Narses, who finally destroyed the Gothic dominion in Italy and in the Italian islands. The Sardinians, without assistance from the East, appear to have resisted the attacks of the Lombards; and, finally, about the year 695, to have rendered themselves independent of the daily waning empire of the successors of Justinian, under the guidance of four of the principal citizens of Cagliari, by name Gialetto, Nicolo, Torquato, and Inerio, who divided the island amongst themselves into the four provinces of Cagliari, Torres, Arborea, and Gallura, under the title of Giudicati.

The Sardinians, however, were not destined long to enjoy tranquillity under their native judges, for in 709, Mussa, a leader of the strange Saracenic current of invasion, made a first descent in the Gulf of Palmas. This was defeated; but he returned in 711, with a more powerful force, and drove the natives from the southern parts of the island, of which the Saracens retained possession for the remainder of the eighth century, until they were again defeated by a combined effort of the four judges,

Ausonius of Cagliari, Pietro of Torres, Dertone of Gallura, and Ugone of Arborea. But the Saracens, although unable to effect a permanent settlement in Sardinia, were by no means disposed to leave the inhabitants its tranquil possession; and by their incessant attacks, they so entirely prostrated the forces of the native rulers of the island, that in the commencement of the eleventh century, these last were obliged to apply to the Republics of Pisa and Genoa for assistance against the Infidels. The usual story followed: the allies drove out the enemy, subjugated the people they came to assist, and then quarrelled over the distribution of the plunder. Finally, the Pisans succeeded in securing a very uneasy possession of the most fertile parts of the island, although the natives, who had retired to the mountains, for years kept up a struggle for independence against the intruders; and the bitter wars which ensued between the Pisans and Genoese, amongst others, chapter to the history of the Italian Republics, added many a sad that one so often quoted of the fate of Ugolino della Gherardesca, immortalized by the verse of the fierce old Ghibelline. It suited, however, the plans of the Papacy, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, to offer the investiture of Sardinia to the King of Arragon; and as the contending republics had nearly exhausted themselves in their long wars, Alfonso, Infanta of Arragon, was able to lay the foundations of the Spanish rule, which, nevertheless, could hardly be considered firmly established until about 1428. There were civil wars and lingering hostilities between the surviving states of Italy and Spain for some years after the latter date; but no serious resistance could have been offered to the House of Austria after it had united, in the person of Charles V., the enormous possessions, which almost justified his ambition of renewing the Empire of Rome. Peter the Ceremonious, of Arragon, had also, in 1354, adopted a measure, which tended greatly to reconcile the native Sardinians to their new rulers, by the establishment of a species of representative system, under the name of "Stamenti;" and it is worthy of observation, that the first attempt at introducing a national code of laws dates from the same half century. The code called "*Sa Carta de Logu*," was promulgated by Eleanor, Giudicessa of Arborea, in 1395, and is, indeed, a remarkable proof of the administrative capacity of that extraordinary woman, who could thus not only maintain her independence against the incessant attacks of the Arragonese, but likewise provide for the internal regulations of her own dominions. The "*Carta de Logu*" was retained, with very trifling modifications, by the Spaniards when they became masters of the island; and even

at the present day, it is referred to occasionally by the local courts of law. Captain (we beg pardon if subsequent promotion should have rendered this title incorrect) Smyth, in his third chapter, quotes largely from this singular specimen of female legislation, and the passages he gives may also be referred to as illustrations of some of the peculiarities of the Sardinian language. Having thus called special attention to this part of Captain Smyth's "Sketch," it may, however, be necessary to state that the whole of the legislation, and of the administration of the island has been changed since 1848, when the last relics of the feudal system were abolished by the proclamation of the "Statuto Reale" of Piedmont, and the vice-regal court and administration suppressed.

Few events worthy of record appear to have taken place in Sardinian history during the later years of the Spanish dominion. Ferdinand the Catholic established the Inquisition in 1492; the Moors made frequent predatory descents upon the coasts; the plague often desolated the badly built and filthy towns; the French and other enemies of Spain from time to time ravaged this exposed portion of her dominions; but the intellectual development of the nation seems to have been totally arrested by the numbing influence of the court of Madrid, under the later princes of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria. On the extinction of that contemptible race, Sardinia passed for a time under the direct dominion of Austria, having been conquered for Charles III. by the English admiral, Sir J. Leake, and confirmed to him by the Peace of Utrecht in 1710. In 1717, the Spaniards made a desperate attempt to recover Sardinia, Sicily, and some of their former possessions in the Mediterranean; and for a time they succeeded in driving the Austrians out of the former by an expedition under the orders of the Marquis de Lede. But Europe combined to check the ambitious designs of Cardinal Alberoni, and the Quadruple Alliance soon compelled Philip V. of Spain to restore his conquests. Shortly afterwards, in 1720, Sardinia was ceded to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, in exchange for the island of Sicily; and on September 11th of that year, the Baron di S. Remigio took possession of it in the name of the newly created King of Sardinia, and thus again united the island to the fate and destiny of Italy, after four hundred years of foreign dominion.

The House of Savoy ruled Sardinia during the seventy years which elapsed between their obtaining possession of it and the first French Revolution, with sufficient ability to secure to themselves the affection of the inhabitants; although even the enlightened ministries of such men as Bogino, Lascaris, and



Buonvicino were insufficient to dispel the evil effects of the feudal and ecclesiastical abuses which had been fostered by the Spaniards for so many years. During the awful tempest at the end of the eighteenth century we, therefore, find that the attempts of the anti-feudal reformers of Sardinia, even with the support of a French expedition, were insufficient to produce any change in the government; and the Sardinians continued faithful to their monarch and their old constitution when the states of the mainland had been absorbed in the gigantic, but ephemeral, empire of Napoleon the Great. In 1806, the King of Sardinia, Vittorio Emanuele I., was obliged to take refuge in Cagliari, and he remained there until the overthrow of Napoleon in 1814, under the protection of the English navy and of the loyalty of the Sardinians. The island certainly gained by this immediate contact with royalty; for its wants were more keenly felt, and there was a more direct feeling of interest inspired amongst those who were in a position to remedy them; but a series of bad harvests, of epidemics, of attacks by the Barbary pirates, of palace intrigues, for some years rendered vain all attempts at improvement or progress. Unfortunately, also, the kings of Sardinia on their restoration to their old dominions, confounded, under the same feeling of jealous antipathy, reform and revolution; so that during the reigns of Vittorio Emanuele and of Carlo Felice, very little change was made from the mediæval system of government which prevailed in Sardinia before the great French Revolution. It is true that Carlo Felice altered the details of the administration of civil affairs, justice, and finance, in some important details; that he revived the universities, and opened elementary schools; introduced vaccination, and executed the fine road which traverses the island from north to south between Porto Torres, Sassari, Oristano, and Cagliari. But the effect of these wise measures must necessarily have been slow in its growth; and even now it appears that the proportion of totally illiterate persons in the remoter and more uncivilized parts of the island is not less than 92 per cent., and only one diligence runs between the capitals of the northern and southern districts of Sardinia. The cholera has of late years also exercised terrible ravages amongst this unfortunate population; but there seems to be little reason to question the ultimate success of the reforms introduced by Carlo Alberto, of whom we confess that we entertain a very much warmer sentiment of admiration since we have been able personally to remark the effect of his government. All the old Spanish legislation has in fact been swept away from Sardinia; feudalism and exclusive privileges, castes and corporations abolished; property and personal rights have

been placed upon the same footing as in the states on the mainland; the decimal system of weights and measures has been introduced; great progress has been made in the execution of public works; regular communications have been established between the island and Genoa by steamboats, and latterly, by the electric telegraph; and in all political matters, the Sardinians have been placed upon the same footing as the Italian subjects of the kingdom.

The works of Messrs. Virgilio, Delessert, Carbonazzi and Bernardi, certainly show, however, that although much may have been done in Sardinia, more remains to do; and the impression we ourselves derived from the observations made during our rapid journey through the southern part of the island, and along the high road from the southern to the northern capital, was most unquestionably that its population was even at the present day, and notwithstanding recent reforms, nearly as much behind the rest of Europe as that of Spain itself—with equal elements of wealth and greatness, be it observed. M. Virgilio, moreover, gives a very sad account of the administration of justice, and of the insecurity of life and property in the island; but we have reason to believe that there is a considerable amount of exaggeration in his attacks upon a system which does not exactly suit his personal views; and that he has used an advocate's license in "making out a case" against an arrangement of judicial functions he wishes to have altered. Yet, even if all that he says on the score of the existing brigandage and banditti of Sardinia were true, we are convinced that the course of civilization so wisely inaugurated by the late and the present king, must in a very short time remove these blots. Equal laws, liberty, a free press, municipal institutions, and, last not least, free trade, must excite the moral and intellectual powers of any people; and they certainly will not fail in producing their full effect upon a race so intelligent, and so naturally good, as we know that the Sardinians are. Long centuries of misrule and oppression by nearly all the successive devastators of the fair lands of the Mediterranean, have been followed by their natural consequences in this instance as elsewhere, and have really reduced the Sardinian peasant to an intellectual condition perhaps inferior to that of the Irish cottiers; whilst the strong passions of warmer climates have impressed upon this rudeness a fiercer and more revengeful character than we are accustomed to meet with in our own colder latitudes. There are, however, we repeat, amongst the Sardinians all the elements of a great and a good people: strong faith, respect for ancient institutions, a desire for improvement, sobriety, industry, hospitality, and, when properly handled, great tractableness. With such quali-

ties, and with the existing free and enlightened government, they cannot fail to advance rapidly in the scale of nations,—especially if they learn to depend mainly upon their own exertions, and avoid the dangerous error of most Continental constitutional states, viz., that of trusting to the “central administration” for the removal of obstacles to their progress. We suspect from the tone of the Italian works we have been considering, and from the spirit of the local papers, that there is a tendency amongst the inhabitants of Sardinia to cast the responsibility of all their evils upon the government, instead of vigorously attempting to remove them by their own exertions. They must, and no doubt will, learn the lesson Carlo Alberto strove to impress on his fellow-countrymen; and when “*Sardegna fara da se*” she may depend upon it that the unbounded riches of her soil, her mines, forests, waters, and plains, will again make her what she once was, the garden and the granary of Europe. As it is, we are lost in wonder at the apathy with which our merchants have treated this marvellous land, and at the comparative ignorance of the British public of the resources it possesses.

We propose in a future article to dwell upon the literary history, and upon the peculiarities of the language of Sardinia; but we cannot conclude without expressing our hearty admiration of Captain Smyth’s “Sketch,” and of Martini’s elegant “*Compendio della Storia de Sardegna*.” Captain Smyth’s work, indeed, contains nearly all that it was important to record before the late organic changes; and it has been largely copied by M. de la Marmora,—without due acknowledgment, we opine. It is remarkably well written; and though somewhat out of date, it still contrasts in its painstaking, philosophical spirit very oddly with the flippant *badauderie* of M. Delessert, a perfect type of the travelling “lion” of the Boulevards of Paris,—pleasant and amusing withal. Perhaps it is not fair to compare works so avowedly different in character as those last mentioned, but the scenes they describe being identical, it was hardly possible to resist the temptation. The merits of the other books we have noticed in the course of this article are more purely technical; yet even the ordinary reader will find much to interest him in De la Marmora’s comprehensive work, which is, indeed, a noble record of, it is said, thirty-five years’ study and research; and in Baldracco’s Mineralogical Essay, there will be found many striking passages of a more general character than its title would imply. Would that we were able to induce our readers to examine the whole subject with the same interest we have felt! The best preparation for the study of the natural and political history of such places as Sardinia



is, perhaps, a personal visit; and as it is now so easy for travelling Englishmen to reach Cagliari or Sassari, *via* Genoa or Marseilles, we strongly urge those who can put up occasionally with hard fare and want of personal comforts, to see with their own eyes how easy it is to waste the good things of Providence, and how equally easy it would be to repair past errors. In the meantime, they who cannot travel so far, may depend upon finding much amusement and instruction in the works cited at the head of this article, to which we are anxious to call particular attention on the score of their own merits, and of the country with which they are connected.

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### ART. III.—JOSIAH CONDER.

*Josiah Conder: A Memoir.* By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Snow. 1857.

Ἰδίᾳ γενεᾷ ὑπηρέτησας τῇ τοῦ θεοῦ βουλῇ ἰκοιμήθη ("After he had served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep." Acts xiii. 36):—these are the touching and beautiful words which Mr. Conder has prefixed to this Memoir of his father; and none could have been more appropriate. Through a long life of incessant and exhausting labour, JOSIAH CONDER was sustained and animated by the sublime conviction that he was "serving his generation by the will of God;" and he served it well. Had he been fired with literary ambition he never would have given his strength to the obscure drudgery of editing the *Patriot* newspaper or this Review. Had he been sordid or selfish, he would never have remained in the ranks of Reform and Dissent; for in his early life, wealth, respectability, and power were all on the other side. He was true to the cause of liberty in the darkest days of Tory rule and ecclesiastical supremacy; and for years he struggled with heroic earnestness, and spite of the cold indifference of those whose principles and interests he was striving to promote, to maintain the old reputation of Nonconformity for literature and learning. It were base in us who are fighting the same battle in more prosperous times, not to remember his services with profound and grateful veneration. He not only fought on the right side, but in the right spirit. If at any time we have reason to fear that in the excitement of the conflict, personal passion is inflaming public zeal, and the love of victory displacing the love of truth; that we are

becoming dogmatic and tyrannical in our advocacy of freedom, and worldly, selfish, and irreligious, even in our labours for Christ, Josiah Conder's history should at once rebuke and encourage us. He was devout even while engaged in political strife, and gentle even in ecclesiastical controversy.

The graceful pen of Mr. Eustace Conder has produced a life singularly free from the faults which usually disfigure biographies written by near relatives. We honoured his father greatly before reading this Memoir; we honour him more now.

Josiah Conder was born in Falcon Street, Aldersgate Street, September 17th, 1789. His grandfather, Dr. John Conder, was theological tutor of the Dissenting College which then existed at Mile End, and pastor of a church in Moorfields,—a man of considerable mark and influence in his day. His fourth son, Thomas, attended the college lectures with the students, and became a respectable scholar; and he was still more distinguished for his good sense and piety, gentleness and modesty. These qualities he transmitted to his son, the subject of this memoir. Josiah Conder, in an autobiographical fragment, commenced in his twentieth year, refers gratefully to the wise and religious training of his childhood. Those were days when Christian men spent their sabbath evenings in catechizing their children, and talking with them, together and apart, concerning Christ and heaven; and hence, if there were fewer won from the world without, by the public preaching of the gospel, there were fewer lost from the household of the church within through neglect of private instruction and prayer.

When five years of age, he lost an eye through an attack of small pox; and dreadful as this loss must have been, he used to say that, perhaps, it was the origin and occasion of some of the most important blessings of his subsequent life. It made him shrink from the rough and riotous sports of his school-mates; it won for him the sympathy of many friends; and it helped to confirm his natural tendencies to a quiet and reflective life. Its immediate result was, that he was sent as a visitor to Mr. Palmer's, at Hackney, a Nonconformist minister of some eminence in his time, and whose name is still familiar to us; the object of this visit being to try the effect of electricity in reducing the protruding organ. Mr. Palmer kept a school, and his little visitor, who preferred the Latin grammar to idleness, voluntarily became his pupil as well as his guest, and made rapid progress in his studies. Even at school, his literary propensities revealed themselves. At ten years of age, he wrote his first essay for a monthly magazine, to which some of Mr. Palmer's scholars contributed; prizes were given to the lads

for the best compositions, and Josiah Conder won two silver medals; he turned some of Æsop's Fables into rhyme; and with an instinctive perception of his future destiny, he became editor of a school newspaper.

Who can forget the rapture of appearing in print for the first time? The first fee of the physician, the first brief of the barrister, even the first ball of the young beauty, are all poor and commonplace delights, compared with the first printed poem of a young author;—we say *poem*, for everybody scribbles rhymes before writing prose, just as children run before they walk. Josiah Conder knew this bliss, never to be known but once, when he was about sixteen. Dr. Aiken edited the *Athenæum* in those days; and we do not wonder that he inserted the verses of his young contributor, or that he was so pleased with them, that he called at his father's house, and invited the poet to dine with him.

Encouragement and admiring sympathy also came to the ardent lad from the accomplished family of the Taylors, at Ongar. To Ann Taylor, who afterwards became Mrs. Gilbert, he wrote with all the freedom and enthusiasm of youth, concerning his manifold projects, hopes, and fears. The young ladies at Ongar submitted their compositions to the judgment of the young bookseller in Bucklersbury, and he in turn received their criticisms on his own. Being in London, and in the house of a publisher, he was in the way of hearing literary gossip, which he diligently communicated to his friends in the country. Those morning hours in the history of a literary man, while ambition is still undaunted by disappointment and defeat—while friends are hoping for wondrous things from the new-born and untried genius, and he himself has not yet found the limits of his strength,—those morning hours, before the heat and weariness of the day come on, are full of intoxicating happiness. Afterwards, literature becomes a labour; then, it is a passion and a victory. Afterwards, the brain works for bread or for practical usefulness; then the soul is thrilled with thoughts of possible glory and an imperishable name. Even if the highest success is won, there is less of exciting joy in being great, than in admiring greatness, and hoping to achieve it. Pleasant, very pleasant, must those years have been, during which Josiah Conder and his friends down in Essex were stimulating each other's enthusiasm, and dreaming of future fame.

This literary friendship led to the publication of a volume of poems, under the title of the "Associate Minstrels," to which Ann and Jane Taylor, their father the Rev. Isaac Taylor, J. G. Strutt, Eliza Thomas (Josiah Conder's future wife),



Josiah Conder, and his father, contributed. It was so successful, that in three years a second edition was called for. This second edition contained one of the most beautiful of Mr. Conder's poems, the "Reverie," with the second part of which, commencing "Oh! the hour when this material shall have vanished like a cloud," most of our readers are familiar; the first part, though not so well known, has merits of a high order, and is very properly inserted in the Memoir.

Mr. Thomas Conder was brought up to the business of a map engraver; but he also engaged in bookselling and publishing. In 1811, having sunk into infirm health, which made him unable to sustain the anxieties and exertions of trade, it was thought desirable that his son Josiah should take the business on his own account; for a few years, therefore, the future editor belonged to the honourable fraternity of London publishers. About the time of his marriage in 1815, he removed from Bucklersbury to St. Paul's Churchyard; but Mrs. Conder's health not being good, and influenced, doubtless, by his own tendencies, as well as by the counsel and wishes of friends, he determined, after living there for four or five years, to abandon trade for literature. In 1819, he sold his business to Messrs. Holdsworth and Ball, and removed to the little village of St. Michael's, near St. Alban's. From this time to his last illness, his pen could scarcely have been idle for a day.

The *ÉCLECTIC* had been commenced in 1805. It was intended at first to represent both churchmen and dissenters; silence, therefore, was imposed on all disputable ecclesiastical questions; and the strength of the Review was to be devoted to the maintenance of evangelical religion. A new series began in 1814, "published by Josiah Conder." The proprietor and publisher had often to discharge the duties of editor, and it was not long before he seated himself permanently in the editorial chair. For twenty years, this Review was under his wise and able conduct; and the services it rendered to dissent and to the highest interests of the English nation during the stormy years which preceded the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the carrying of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, were eminently great. The peculiar nature of the great religious revival of the last century had naturally led to the disparagement of scholarship and literature by the Evangelical party; the scarcely concealed scepticism of the early Edinburgh Reviewers, associated as it was with genius and a remarkable command of all the resources of literary warfare, instead of making Christian men more diligent in securing for religion the service of learning and culture, had half converted them to the old falsehood that

devotion is the offspring of ignorance, and that wit, scholarship, and literature are unfriendly to piety. That we have now nearly escaped from that pernicious belief is owing, in good part, to the exertions of the men who were associated with Josiah Conder in the writing of the *ECLECTIC REVIEW*. Among them were James Montgomery, Dr. Chalmers, John Foster, Dr. Pye Smith, Robert Hall, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Francis Okely, a Moravian minister,\* and John Robertson, whose name few of our readers probably are acquainted with, but who was distinguished for a depth and accuracy of Greek scholarship not then common among dissenting ministers. By-and-bye came other names, which are still worn with honour by the living, but these we forbear to mention. Southey speaks in a letter to Mr. Conder of having "thought ere this to have offered you an article for your Review," but we believe that this purpose was never carried out.

Mr. Eustace Conder writes :—

"Among the stated or occasional contributors were some whose names have since risen to the highest rank in literature; others, of accomplished scholarship, elegant taste, and scarcely inferior intellectual power, yet who never made themselves a name, but were content to fight the battle of knowledge and of progress in that great army of anonymous writers, to whom the world has been so much indebted from the days of Job of Uz to the days of steam-printing and penny literature. It is a curious topic of reflection how much of the current gold of human thought and speech has come down with no image and superscription upon it; how many strong and stirring, wise and pointed, or sweet and tender sayings, that have become immortal, were uttered by unknown or forgotten lips. It would be somewhat melancholy to think of so much hard, faithful, fruitful labour, wrought in obscurity, and flung into the world's treasury without the grace of a single acknowledgment, did we not remember that literary fame is, after all, the giants excepted, but a tardier oblivion; and, on the other hand, that no true work can perish, no fruitful labour can be vain, and though the world may forget it, 'the Day shall reveal it.'"

The Memoir is enriched by a selection from the letters which passed between the editor and some of the more distinguished of his staff; and as might have been expected, the most interesting and valuable are those which bear the signature of John Foster. The *ECLECTIC* sometimes eulogized Southey, as Foster thought, to excess; and his protests are almost grotesquely

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\* Some account of Dr. Okely may be found in the *Life of John Foster* (Vol. II., page 62, Bohn's edition). He was a Moravian by birth and education, relapsed into infidelity; but subsequently became an earnest and devout Christian.

indignant. What a pleasant thing for an editor to receive, from by far his most valuable contributor, a letter beginning thus:—

“Sir,—It was about that Southey we were talking; and here is this *Carmen Triumphale* bepraised in our sapient Review, with some staring extravagance about one of the stanzas being enough to ‘create a soul beneath the ribs of death’ and the like,—as puerile rant as any enemy of the Review could desire to see in its pages.”

Not satisfied with this protest, the unrelenting critic returns to the charge in his next letter, and after some vehement introductory sentences, delivers the following judgment with Rhadamanthine sternness on the Laureate:—

“The man seems to have no perception of the difference between a *dignified* boldness, and even extravagance of fiction, and a *childish, silly* extravagance,—between *epic giantism*, if I may so express it, and a futile, phantastic monstrosity. He has been so much and fondly conversant with the insipid ravings and dreams of so many drivelling superstitions, that he has spoiled, most likely irrecoverably, his own great genius. His pride of independence would not let him stay in the school of Milton, and here are the consequences. With all his pride he was not strong enough to venture into vastness without a guide or attendant. He could not tread the crude consistence of Chaos with an angel’s port, step, and stride. But he will certainly go floundering on—I mean, unless you, recollecting that friendship should be a compact of mutual utility, shall set yourself earnestly to recall him, instead of shouting honour and glory, as you do, without exception or limit, when he sends you a canto of his MSS. As to our ‘*differing in toto*’ about the merits of his poetry, that can hardly be, unless even my praises are in the wrong place,—unless it is *not* for the vividness of his conception, the perfection of his painting, the richness and diversity and accuracy of whatever he writes in the way of description, the tenderness sometimes of his sentiments, and the vast scope of his observation and knowledge, that he is to be admired.”

Foster himself had written a remarkable article for the Review on the “Curse of Kehama” two or three years before, and appears to have watched with the eye of a lynx every subsequent reference to Southey which appeared in these pages. Perhaps, no truer estimate of Southey’s genius was ever written than that in the letter we have just extracted. Some of his ballads are among the most perfect things of the kind in our language; his larger poems are scarcely less remarkable for their great blemishes than for great merits.

“The thing that hath been,” said Solomon, “is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.” Early in 1821,



Mr. Conder wrote to a friend about the *ECLECTIC*: "The sale does not increase;" "I am almost sick of the work." His task is "ungracious and laborious." We have asked ourselves again and again whether disappointment and discouragement are the normal condition of the editor of a literary review connected with any of the great Nonconformist communities. Must our path be a rugged one to the end? Are we doomed to work in fetters till the close of our days? Will the clouds never break, and the sunshine never come? We should be glad to give hopeful answers to these questions.

The various dissenting denominations derive their chief strength from the trading and manufacturing classes. The rich belong to the Establishment; and in her ranks is also to be found the great body of professional men. Hence, there are comparatively few laymen connected with our churches who have enough leisure and enough culture—for both are needed—to care for what requires vigorous and sustained attention. Our best and most thoughtful tradesmen and manufacturers are too busy for any reading except that which they feel to be necessary for the strength of their personal religious life. Their leisure hours are largely given to the maintenance of our philanthropic and religious societies. If they read anything besides the *Times* and a local newspaper, they want something racy, brilliant, and amusing,—something which can be read without trouble, and will be remembered pleasantly afterwards,—a graphic book of travels like "Eöthen," a stimulating life like Fowell Buxton's or George Stephenson's, or a volume of laughable stories and clever sketches of men and things like Lord Cockburn's *Reminiscences*. Not that we mean to imply that our middle classes are deficient in mental power. We believe that they have the keenest and acutest intellects in the country, or the world,—the most vigorous sense, and brains capable of the severest labour, of any order of men under the sun. But they give their strength to business and to public duties, not to books. And though we could heartily wish that they had more literature, God forbid that the time should ever come when the manly and practical qualities for which they are now distinguished, shall have disappeared. We infinitely prefer hard work to indolent intellectualism.

Our ministers are nearly all of them men to whom a Review is a most welcome guest; but the salaries of most of them are so small that we cannot wonder or complain that so few of them subscribe even to their own literary representatives. Those who need most the refreshment and stimulus of a "monthly" or "quarterly" are precisely the men who are least able to be subscribers. How is it that it has not occurred

to some one or two thoughtful and generous laymen in every Baptist and Independent church in the kingdom quietly to order for their minister the *ECLECTIC* and the *British Quarterly*, never letting him know to whom he is indebted for the couple of guineas which covered the subscription to both?\*

But we have said more about this than we intended; and must return to the life of our laborious predecessor. We left him at St. Michael's, near St. Alban's; there he was busy with the *ECLECTIC*, sometimes writing the whole Review himself; and engaged in a dozen literary ventures besides. During the next few years he wrote the "Modern Traveller," published one or two volumes of "Village Lectures," and a Dictionary of Geography, a new Translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews, an account of the various Religions of the World, and a volume of Poems, and edited the "Congregational Hymn Book." But we have only given just what we remember; turning over half-a-dozen pages of the Memoir, we find that the list of his labours might have been made three or four times as long. He was greatly given to "moving" too, about this time. After living for a few years near St. Alban's, we find him in 1822 at Brompton, in 1823 at Chenies in Buckinghamshire, and in 1824 at Watford; of which last place, with loving remembrances of the scenes of his childhood, the biographer has given us a very pleasant sketch.

In 1832, Mr. Conder became editor of the *Patriot* newspaper, which had lately been started to represent the principles of evangelical Nonconformists. The first editor resigned after holding the office for only a few months. When Mr. Conder undertook the editorship, the circulation was 1,587; by the end of the second year it had risen to 2,400. As most of our readers are well aware, Mr. Conder's politics were liberal, but not extreme; he was averse both to violent opinions and to the violent advocacy even of the moderate opinions which he held most firmly; he was invariably gentlemanly and courteous;

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\* "I should be most happy to think that the state of Mr. Foster's health allowed me to hope that he would again take the field with his ancient prowess. His article on the 'Pastoral Memorials,' though long deferred, was worth waiting for;—quite in his own most interesting style. It will not be my fault if both he and Mr. Hall do not support our new series with their powerful aid. With regard to the latter, all that he has ever furnished has been an article or two, at very distant intervals; and I dare not risk his wrath by attempting to tease him into more frequent contributions. The plain truth, however, is, that great as their talents are in original composition, and valuable as is the sort of *éclat* which their names confer, as *Reviewers* they are by no means always equal, either to themselves, or to others of my contributors."—*Mr. Conder to the present Editor of the Eclectic*, Watford, March 7, 1829.

and never imagined that when a man becomes a politician he must cease to be a Christian.

At the commencement of 1837, he was compelled by the pressure of his multifarious occupations to give up the *ECLECTIC*. "It had long ceased to be a source of profit to the proprietor," but he was most unwilling to part with it. When Dr. Price, however, proposed to embark his property in the concern, he felt that "the matter seemed altogether providential, both in itself and in the time." After editing this Review for three-and-twenty years, he could not but feel anxious that it should continue to be the able advocate of the principles with which, during that long period, it had been identified. In Dr. Price's uprightness and ability he had the fullest confidence.

Mr. Conder had still seventeen or eighteen years of hard work before him. How they were spent all our readers who are in the maelstrom of public life in the metropolis can easily imagine: numberless committee meetings; public demonstrations; private interviews with distinguished men to win their co-operation for various philanthropic, religious, and political enterprises; a heavy correspondence; sleepless vigilance to protect the rights of Nonconformists against the encroachments of the Establishment; efforts to remove constantly occurring misunderstandings, either about policy or persons, among honest friends of the same good cause; the incessant anxiety of a newspaper editor about the fluctuations of national affairs,—these things occupied his brain, and consumed his strength. Let no man envy the occasional honours which fall to the recognised leaders of public thought and action.

In Christmas, 1854, Mr. Conder removed to St. John's Wood, and there the last few months of his life were passed. In the beginning of November, 1855, shortly after completing his sixty-sixth year he was seized with a dangerous illness, which, though ultimately subdued, left him in a fearful state of prostration. Medical skill was unable to re-invigorate the exhausted constitution; and on the twenty-seventh of December, "having served his generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep." His death was very quiet; no paroxysms of physical pain—no mental anguish disturbed his last hours. "The boundary between sleep and death was scarcely visible."

Our readers will scarcely expect to find in our pages a critical estimate of the literary labours of Josiah Conder. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that the most impartial judgment must acknowledge that few men have exhibited such various powers, or engaged in such dissimilar occupations with such uniform success. Everything he did was done well; as a poet, as a painstaking compiler, as the editor of this Review and of



the *Patriot* newspaper, he required and manifested a combination of faculties very seldom found in such perfection in one man. In private life he was singularly estimable, and proved how possible it is for the busiest and most anxious to "have their affections set on things above," and to "walk with God." Happy is the man who leaves such a memory behind him; and such a son as the writer of this Memoir to tell the story of his earthly life, and so to extend and perpetuate its usefulness.

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#### ART. IV.—SIVAN THE SLEEPER.

*Sivan the Sleeper : A Tale of all Time.* By the Rev. H. C. Adams.  
London : Rivingtons.

THE acquisition of happiness has in every age absorbed the contemplation as it has baffled the inquiries of mankind. Wisdom, knowledge, and genius have essayed to discover its source, but its subtle spring has evaded equally the speculations of sages, the researches of scholars, and the inspiration of poets. To these efforts in pursuit of an ideal, we owe the multiplicity of ingenious conceptions, theories, and systems, in which romance and reason have sought the solution of the same object under the varying aspects of the true, the beautiful, and the good; yet still does the desire for the undiscovered elixir throb in the heart of succeeding generations, animating ceaselessly to fresh exertions of thought and fancy. The prolific theme of philosophy—the attainment of happiness, has been no less fertile as the subject of fiction in the infinitely diversified forms under which imagination has given it expression. But neither in the delights of Epicurean ease, nor in the peace of the Happy Valley, in the crucible of the alchemist, nor in the waters of oblivion, has the "Talisman of Oromanes" ever been divulged to mortal sense; and Sadaks and Alciphrons remain wanderers among us, pilgrims in pursuit of a felicity, which, whether in the dim light of paganism or the lustre of revelation, is still the unattainable on earth. To illustrate this truth is the moral purpose in "Sivan the Sleeper." As a "Tale of all Time," it presents transitions from the various eras of the ancient to those of the mediæval period, in all of which, Sivan, under different denominations and conditions of existence, effected by a supernatural transmigration, takes part,—the miraculous agency accepted as a necessity of construction in this as in other works of similar design. The diversity of situation and circumstance

involved in describing the different epochs introduced, constitutes the charm of the volume, rendering it a series of kaleidescopic views of the variously contrasted countries, laws, customs, manners, and characteristics of different nations, the interest in which is heightened by the unbroken thread of personal narrative with which they are interwoven. Through the intimate association thus conveyed with times and scenes far remote, they are realized with a familiarity of conception, and an impressiveness seldom awakened by the cold sobriety of historical chroniclers, and an intensity of interest is kindled which at once warms and fascinates. The simple dignity of the pastoral state—picturesque in all its phases,—the sombre magnificence of Egyptian civilization expressed in the stupendous grandeur of temples, tombs, and palaces, together with the glowing hues of landscape in the region of the lotus and the Nile,—the natural grace of Athens in mountains, groves, and valleys, with the artistic splendours of her shrines and temples of surpassing skill, the glory of which, revived again beneath the fervid sky of Italy, are alternately depicted boldly, yet truthfully by Mr. Adams, who does not suffer poetic conception to mar pictorial accuracy. His style is marked by an ease and dignity which render it always adequate if not elegant, though in some instances brightened by greater vivacity than at others; the one fault detracting from the excellences of his volume, consisting in an absence at times of that rapidity of action which is so essential an element of successful narrative; a rarity and elevation of reflection and sentiment, which do honour to the writer, relieve, however, the occasional tediousness.

In the grouping of an Eastern encampment, youths and maidens tending water to their herds, their labours lightened by mirth and jollity, we recognise a representation of the patriarchal age. At that early period, multiplied dignities of vocation and caste were unknown. Rule and law were simplified by embodiment in the one leader and head of a tribe. Dwelling in content and at peace with each other, the sole danger that menaced them was from bands of armed plunderers, chiefly followers of the mighty Nimrod, monarch of the plains of Shinar. Inhabiting the adjacent mountains, they would descend in vast companies to ravage the cattle—the only wealth of a pastoral people, or carry off their children and daughters to slavery within their strongholds. At the door of his tent, within a little distance from the rest of the groups, supported by cushions of skin, reclined Sivan the Elamite, their chief, an aged man of noble form, regarded seemingly with an unusual degree of reverence and love by the youths and maidens near him. His meditations, shadowed apparently by anxiety, were

interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, whose tidings brought realization of the melancholy intuitions which had darkened his soul. His daughter had been borne away by a company of bandits to their fastnesses; and deliverance, through force or entreaty, was deemed hopeless. The intelligence caused universal affliction, for Rizpah was beloved by all, and amidst the multitude so lately animated by content and joy, lamentation and mourning prevailed, only interrupted in its course by the recognition of the approach of a stranger from the date-grove, when outward manifestation of sorrow was stilled for the observance of the gracious rights of hospitality in the East. Active preparations were entered into for the reception of the stranger. Ewers of water were borne from the well to refresh his feet, and a frugal, yet exquisite repast of milk, honey, fresh cheese, and dates, was spread to recruit the strength of the wayfarer, whose language, manners, and costume alike denoted his foreign descent. A long gown or vest descended to his feet, the sleeves of the garment confined at the wrists. His girdle consisted of a coloured scarf. A large cap of woollen material covered his closely shaven head, and sandals of leather, with high sides, fastened round the ankles with straps, having the points very long, and twisted at the end in the shape of a horn, protected his feet. A long staff of wood, inlaid with metal, completed the equipment of Melech, the son of Teutames the Egyptian. The interest with which Sivan regarded him, was hourly increased by the conversation of the stranger, who, in reply to his inquiries, related to his companion the power, privileges, and glory of the country to which he belonged, where, he triumphantly exclaimed, a wise and powerful rule afforded security to the people against the passive endurance of such a wrong as that which Sivan had now the bitterness to suffer.

The words of his guest presented a realization of that ideal which had haunted the imagination of Sivan—an ideal hitherto but vaguely conceived and vainly sighed for. Dreams, strange yet sweet, beset his rest that night—dreams of an earthly state where right and power should be united, where justice and truth should reign over content and happiness,—a state which alone could satisfy the aspirations that filled his soul. But so glorious an heritage was the birthright of the stranger! Why should not the fruits of enlightenment and benevolence strengthen and extend their precious influence till what was now the enviable privilege of a few should become the indubitable claim of all? Could he doubt that the wisdom of the Deity created man to this end? Faith and hope were kindled anew within his breast; his heart was rejuvenated, and light were the slumbers which sprung from its ineffable serenity.



A celestial radiance filled the tent around the couch of Sivan. It seemed to environ as an angelic atmosphere a vision of seraphic semblance, awful in its splendour but for the expression of surpassing love which spoke in its gaze. "Take," said the angel, "this branch into thine hand. It was gathered from the tree of life, on which thy first parents gazed of old with reverent awe and wonder, as it grew in the fairest of the bowers of Paradise. Whensoever the germ on which thy hopes have fastened shall have grown to maturity, thou shalt awaken and behold its fruits. As often as thou desirest in like manner again to slumber and again to awaken to a new existence, lay thyself down as now, and place the branch on thy bosom. But whensoever thou wouldest sleep that sleep which hath no waking on earth, break it in twain, and it will summon me to thy side." Thus spoke the angel of death. In an instant, Sivan was wrapped in the profoundest slumber.

It was noon in the land of Mizraim, and the glow of the meridian sun heightened the natural grandeur of the scene on which it shone. A noble array of palms shadowed an eminence overlooking a broad expanse of water, the silvery bosom of which was gemmed with islets, their prolific vegetation relieved by the brilliance of flowers in every variety of hue; while along its banks, mingled with rich groves of the orange and citron, grew the elegant acacia and tamarisk. Such was the landscape which greeted the gaze of Sivan on again awakening to a consciousness of life. As the native of a new land, possessing another name, having new relationships and conditions of existence, a recollection of the past alone remained to him of his former state. Faith wavered in his breast. Had wisdom prompted him to ask as a boon the destiny he was now called upon to fulfil. Would the testimony of advancing ages which he would be permitted to see, satisfy the yearning of his desire to behold the moral progress of his race? From these reflections, absorbing his thoughts as he wandered on, he was aroused by observation of the marvels of the Egyptian capital which he was approaching; the renowned city of Memphis seeming still more wondrous when compared with the simple plains of Elam. The novelty and magnificence of the region into which he entered, dazzled and overwhelmed him. Colossal statues guarded the vast sombre gateway which formed the southern entrance to the city. Gigantic columns of stone supported the vast edifices adorned with porticoes. Here, the huge pyramids cast their shadows; there, towered gorgeous palaces; obelisks engraven with hieroglyphics, or sparkling fountains, rose from out the spacious squares. Temples of rich colouring, columns, and stately shrines, shone as a vision of human glory before the

sight. The wealth of the inhabitants was seen in the numberless articles of luxury displayed, from the costly robe of the priest glittering with sacred device, to rich ornaments of ebon, ivory, coral, carved stone, and precious metal, and the splendid tissues woven with unrivalled art by the looms of Memphis. Spectacles of military or devotional grandeur were constantly seen. Now, a phalanx of soldiers, magnificently equipped, executed martial tactics; and now the venerable figure of a judge, seated in a chair richly sculptured with the mysterious emblems of Egyptian power, awarded various verdicts to the different cases midst the assembly round him, the apparent wisdom and impartiality of which roused a new joy in Sivan's breast. Sometimes gilded banners would wave from every summit, and a burst of simultaneous harmony from the different temples proclaimed that the favourite festival of the Moon was about to be enacted, when round the shrine of the sacred bird, white-robed maidens garlanded with the lily of the Nile, moved in graceful measure to the sound of castanet or sistrum. Or within the lofty temple, magnificently decorated with an endless array of mystic emblems in sombre hues of black and red, he beheld a company of priests clothed in the rich robes of ceremony—vests of leopard's skin, aprons of costly embroidery, long enveloping mantles of fine linen of snowy whiteness, with ornaments of necklaces, bracelets, and chaplets of fresh flowers on the brow. A solemn hymn rose amidst clouds of incense while the various offerings were laid upon the altar, to which the sacrifice in expiation of guilt—a black ox—was led and slain. But a spectacle which especially impressed the mind of Sivan, was that most remarkable observance, midst the many singular customs of the Egyptian people—the ceremony of the Trial of the Dead, to witness which a large concourse of people were assembled near the Sacred Lake:—

“The spot wore a sombre and melancholy appearance, which was partly its natural aspect and partly had been produced by artificial means, in accordance with the taste of the Egyptians, the most deeply imaginative people which the world has ever seen. The sullen sheet of water was broken only by a few rocky islets, not one of which bore the slightest trace of vegetation, and the level shores in all directions looked wild and desolate; not a tree anywhere raising its head, save a few cypresses, whose foliage deepened rather than relieved the general gloom. Beyond, on the farther shore, the royal sepulchres, built of black marble, and presenting to the eye one long, unbroken line, varied neither by tower nor pillar. On the nearer bank was moored the bark used to convoy the sacred boat of the dead across the water, and the ferryman, in his sable garb, stood ready at the stern. Higher up on the bank were ranged the judges,

forty-two in number, in a deep semicircle, with the president at the upper end. At a short distance was seated another group consisting of the principal witnesses. All were arrayed in mourning garments, and silence unbroken by the slightest sound, notwithstanding the long delay in the arrival of the procession, pervaded the assembly. So still was the entire scene, that a casual spectator might have half believed it to be a pictured representation rather than a real concourse of living men.

"At length, when the shadows of twilight were beginning to render less distinct the distant outline of the royal tombs, a faint dull tramp, as of many feet moving solemnly at a considerable distance, broke the profound silence of the spot; and, presently, a long train, preceded by torches that cast a red and pitchy light around them, wound its way slowly to the place of rendezvous.

"In front appeared a number of servitors, carrying fruits and flowers to decorate the altars of the dead, and leading animals to be offered as sacrifices. After these came cars containing the sacred closets in which the mummies of the deceased queen's ancestors had been kept between the times of their embalming and interment. Then followed another train of servants bearing jewels and ornaments to deposit in the tomb along with the corpse. These were succeeded by the empty chariot of the dead, with its team of horses in funeral trappings, and the charioteer walking on foot at their side. Next appeared the Baris, or consecrated boat, having the eye of Osiris, the judge of the dead, painted on its prow and rudder. It was supported on a sledge drawn by oxen, and surrounded by a crowd of hired mourners in loose and disordered dresses, wailing and lamenting, beating their breasts, and casting dust on their heads in token of sorrow.

"In this manner the *cortège* slowly advanced without interruption, winding round the level shores of the lake, until the sledge, with its mournful freight, had reached the spot where the ferry-boat was anchored. But, as the slaves in charge of the sacred bark proceeded to lift it from its stand in order to launch it on the waters, two priests of Osiris stepped forward with uplifted hands, and, in the customary form, commanded them to forbear. 'Ye who have brought this body hither,' they said, 'to be conveyed across the waters of the dead, declare the name and title of the deceased, in order that this court here assembled determine whether or not he be entitled to enter the society of the everlasting gods, and partake of their blessedness, or be justly condemned to exile from their presence.' An officer, dressed in a funeral garb, and having his hair and beard closely shaven, the chamberlain of the late queen, stepped forward. 'Venerable judges,' he said, "she who here awaiteth your doom was called in life Taphenes, the daughter of Rhamses, wife of Vennephes, late monarch of this land, and mother of him who now sways its sceptre. Sixty-and-five years did she pass on earth, and now the ever-blessed Osiris hath claimed her for his own. Wherefore, we crave permission to bear her across the lake of the dead, that she rest in the sepulchres of her fathers.'



"As he concluded, the presiding judge rose in his place. 'Men of Egypt,' he said, 'and dwellers on the shores of the mighty river; lo, Taphenes, the daughter of Rhamses, claims at our hands judgment as to her past life, whether she shall be accounted worthy to enter the company of the happy dead, or be excluded therefrom as unworthy. Wherefore, if any can bear witness to the deeds she hath done in the body, whether those be good or evil, let them appear before us, and speak without restraint, remembering only the dictates of truth and justice; for with the dead there is no distinction of rank nor riches.'"—Pp. 32—35.

Many witnesses testified to the virtues of the deceased, while one only alleged against her the commission of a great crime. Yet such was the severity and solemn nature of the rite, that spite the rank and distinction of the departed, the evidence against her, dispassionately discussed, was considered sufficient to deprive her of the privilege of sepulture for the space of two years, at the expiration of which her remains would be permitted to cross the Sacred Lake, and repose in the tombs of her ancestors.

The enlightenment which administered, uncompromisingly, laws such as these, appeared to Sivan as the commencement of the reign of justice on the earth; and he experienced a satisfaction of which he had never before been conscious. But short was his contentment destined to prove, for he beheld the fallacy of hope exposed by a single accident. Through the destruction of a crocodile, escaped from its enclosure, he saw himself doomed to death or flight; injury to this animal, sacred to Osiris, even though inflicted in defence of property, or for the purpose of self-preservation, being visited by the severest penalty the law of the Egyptians could inflict. Was this the wisdom and benevolence to which he had looked for a realization of the golden age on earth?—a code of rule, one of the strictest and most uncompromising clauses of which was a tenet of glaring injustice! This, then, had been the illusion on which his hopes had reposed. The misfortune of his position—that of becoming an exile or a martyr—seemed light in comparison with the misery of his disappointment and broken faith. He sought his only chance of safety in flight, and as the various features of the country which he was about to leave for ever, presented themselves to his gaze—cities, villages, and the distant towers of Thebes,—though the land of Sais, Heliopolis, and the Isle of the Golden Venus, was still a realm of enchantment, its charm had fled in the eyes of Sivan. Was this experience prophetic of the end, or could he hope other regions would disclose influences more propitious to his desires? The answer to this inquiry rose tardily within his breast.

From the eastern summit of Mount Hymettus, the wanderer first beheld that city, boasting a combination of natural with artistic beauty never perhaps surpassed—the violet-crowned capital of Greece. Beneath the ascent extended a vast plain intersected by the winding course of rivers, and presenting a diversity of hill and valley peculiarly picturesque. Slopes richly wooded with the oak or vine spread around, while at intervals, between and beyond these, towered the ridges of Pentelicus, the lofty peaks of the Parnassian range, and farther still the dark chain of the Peloponessus, and the rocky summits of the Cyclades. The waves of the Ægean shore, crystalline in the light, and numberless sails were reflected in the clear surface of the Saronic Gulf, the Ilissus rolled beneath its olive-shaded banks, and the Fountain of Callirrhoe sparkled in the sun. But the charm enhancing the fascination of the landscape lay in the magnificent array of architecture, occupying the foreground of the scene—the Odeum, the Theatre, the Museum, the Areopagus, the Ceramicus, and beyond and above all, the temple-crowned rock of the Acropolis—each edifice prolific of associations glorious to Grecian nationality. Nor was his enthusiasm diminished on acquaintance with the interior of the city, every aspect of which indicated the presence of intellect, refinement, and freedom. It was with peculiar interest that Sivan sought the locality of the renowned Academy:—

“He saw before him a spacious garden, or rather pleasance, planted with plane trees and olives, and adorned with statues and altars of white marble. The afternoon, which had poured down with oppressive heat on the more exposed parts of Athens and its environs, was here tempered to a genial warmth, the slanting rays chequering the green turf with pleasant variations of light and shade, and bringing out the marble decorations in broader contrast with the foliage in which they were embowered. In an arbour, constructed beneath the shade of some ancient olive-trees, which sheltered it on every side, excepting that which lay open to the cool north, was collected a group of figures, some standing, some reclining, round a man, who was seated on a stone bench at the foot of the largest tree. A remarkable difference might be observed between him and the others present. The latter were all in the spring or summer of life, and belonged to the noblest families of Athens. The latter fact was clearly intimated, not only by their close-fitting tunics of the finest wool and the colours, their embroidered girdles secured by jewelled clasps, and the golden grasshoppers that some of them wore in their hair—a fashion then fast disappearing, but still more by the air of high breeding and intelligence which characterizes the better-born and educated in every land. But the central figure was in all respects unlike his companions. He was, if not advanced in years, certainly past

middle life; and his dress consisted of a single garment, which, though scrupulously clean, was of the plainest materials, and devoid of the least appearance of ornament, while his head and feet were entirely uncovered. His features also presented an almost whimsical contrast to the handsome and aristocratic faces of the youths with whom he was conversing. His forehead was low, and his features plain and uninteresting, almost to grotesqueness. The mouth and chin even conveyed the notion of coarse sensuality, and the whole aspect forcibly reminded those who beheld him of the conceit already suggested, that the philosopher greatly resembled Silenus, the grossest of all the heathen deities. But this unfavourable impression only lasted while he continued silent. The moment his attention was roused by any remark made to him, still more when he addressed one to any of his auditors, the expression of thought and sweetness that played round his features, effected a transformation so marvellous, that you could hardly believe it was the same person whom you had been watching a minute before."—Pp. 97—99.

The intimacy which existed between the philosopher and Sivan was the source to the latter of an intense gratification. In the marvellous utterances of wisdom, which flowed like inspiration from the lips of Socrates, he acknowledged a power which that of no human instructor had ever yet approached, and he did not doubt but a nation possessing such a teacher, was capable of attaining a destiny the most exalted a people could enjoy. All that is most glorious to nationality, indeed, appeared concentrated in the unequalled splendours of the Athenian capital,—its history a dazzling chronicle of conquest, recording deeds of magnanimity worthy the heroic age, whilst triumphs of eloquence and art exhibited an unprecedented intellectual brilliance, that might have awakened a belief that the gods were again among men. Midst the captivation of such scenes, associations, and the society of minds the most illustrious the world has ever known, years past on, and hope once more yielded in Sivan's breast, for a time, to the flattering whispers of assurance. But the zenith of Grecian greatness had arrived, and its fame henceforward was to count among the glories of the past. Jealousy and faction became the parents of injustice and persecution; and the cruel massacre of Scione and the terrible doom of the Melians were to be surpassed in cruelty and ingratitude by the sentence—a stain for ever on the Athenian annals—which sealed the fate of Socrates.

With broken spirit, Sivan sought the prison of the martyr, to witness a scene, the sublimity of which is unrivalled in record. At nightfall, he gazed for the last time on the shores of Attica.

As a priest of the Jewish Temple—a member of Sanhedrim



—Sivan sought once more the solution of the problem of his existence.

At this period, the entire aspect of Jerusalem, publicly and socially, would, to a reflective eye, have predicted calamity and disaster. Disorder, bigotry, and persecution, were rife throughout the land, and the ravages of war, which laid waste adjacent territories, seemed to render still darker the gloom which prevailed. The hour, indeed, was at hand for that memorable assault, the horrors of which have seldom found an equal in history. With the war-cry of the Romans at their gates, the Jewish people nerved themselves to an indomitable resistance, sufficient even to intimidate the hardy forces of the Empire, though the choicest men were selected by Titus for the siege. Vast masses of men attacked simultaneously every line of the enemy's defence. But the unflinching resistance which they met, strained their utmost energies to combat, until not even the command of Cæsar himself could animate to longer conflict. After hours of murderous contest, the Imperial forces were withdrawn in order to renew the attack with superior numbers. Deceived by the seeming retreat, the besieged flung open their gates, when the Roman general, improving the unexpected advantage, again sounded the signal of attack, and charging in full column, were soon in possession of the outer gate:—

“Already the number of the assailants almost equalled that of the defenders of the court; and the dense crowds which still continued to stream into it, would soon give them an overwhelming preponderance. Nor could this have escaped the notice of the Jews themselves. They, too, felt themselves hopelessly outnumbered and overmatched: but they showed no symptom of terror or weakness. Borne back by a host of foes, and transfixed by unnumbered darts, the Lion of Judah resisted fiercely to the last. Not one cry for quarter—not one prayer for mercy, was heard amid the wild chorus of war-cries, and shrieks, and execrations, which rent the very skies. Though the pavement was flooded ankle deep in blood, and the slain piled in heaps one upon another, the Jews still continued to return blow for blow; and even, in the moment of victory, the havoc made among the Imperial troops was so great that Titus more than once dispatched messengers to order the advance of fresh squadrons to crush more effectually the protracted resistance which was still costing him the lives of hundreds of his bravest veterans.

“At length, when the conflict was at its height, a soldier, actuated by a sudden impulse, seized a brand from the burning cloisters, and hurled it through an open window of the holy place. It flew far into the building, was arrested by the folds of the rich Babylonian veil, and in an instant a brilliant blaze of light, that illuminated every corner of the holy place, announced that the sanctuary itself was in flames.

A shriek of agony and despair broke from a thousand lips. The sight was as it were the counter-spell to the indomitable spirit by which the Jews had hitherto been possessed. Up to this moment, they had persisted in believing that even in the most utter extremity their Great Protector would interpose to save them, and that any attempt to offer violence to the holy house itself would be followed by some direct manifestation of Divine anger. But the spectacle of the flames curling in ruddy wreaths round the carved wood-work of the roof, and reflected back by the golden plates with which the walls of the portico were overlaid, dispelled at last their illusion. With it vanished the fiery valour and determination which had so long upheld them. Casting away their swords they sought in every direction for escape from their merciless enemies, or fell, butchered like sheep, without outcry or resistance."—Pp. 201, 202.

Such is the effective outline of this famous contest, as depicted by the pen of Mr. Adams, which we have selected for extract as an example of the varieties of his manner. Midst the glories of Italy, in the mediæval era, Sivan is still a wanderer. The light of revelation has visited the earth, yet discord and bigotry deform it. Faction and tumult reign, and persecution in its direst form beneath the hideous mask of the Inquisition. The martyrdom of truth is seen, as in the Socratic age, in the torture and death of Savonarola.

"And now once more, Sivan, son of Ham, art thou ready and willing to depart?" Thus spake the angel. A smile of peace illumed the countenance of Sivan as he bowed his head in assent, and a second time received the branch into his hand, which now wore the form of a simple cross. The hope unfulfilled on earth found at length satisfaction midst the "innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect."

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#### ART. V.—LIFE IN CHINA.

*Life in China.* By the Rev. W. C. Milne, for many years Missionary among the Chinese. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857.

THE diversity of opinions respecting the Chinese is not a little perplexing. By some writers we are taught to look upon them as a model nation. Their government, their customs, their civilization, the very antiquity of their institutions, have been extolled as objects worthy of our veneration; and a European is made to hang down his head when talking of modern improvements and inventions, by being instantly informed that they

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*Life in China.* By the Rev. W. C. Milne, for many years Missionary among the Chinese. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857.

THE diversity of opinions respecting the Chinese is not a little perplexing. By some writers we are taught to look upon them as a model nation. Their government, their customs, their civilization, the very antiquity of their institutions, have been extolled as objects worthy of our veneration; and a European is made to hang down his head when talking of modern improvements and inventions, by being instantly informed that they

existed in this enlightened country when the name of science was forgotten in Europe. On the other hand, there are travellers who love to depreciate the character and the polity of this long-tailed nation, and consider the millions that swarm between the Great Wall and Tonquin as little better than the vermin on which they feed. There is naturally exaggeration in both these views; but the origin of this exaggeration is easily accounted for. The earliest writers are those that depict Chinese civilization in the brightest hues. When, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Europeans pushed their way to these far Eastern waters, there was much to strike them with wonder and admiration when contrasted with Western progress. At that time, with us, society was in a state of darkness and confusion — that deep darkness which precedes the dawn. Feudalism was in decay; the church and the priesthood were in a degrading state of corruption; ignorance, like a thick cloak veiled society; wars, famines, and pestilence frequently scourged all classes. It is not surprising, then, that our early navigators visiting the shores of China, should be pleased with the aspect of cities and their populations, so different from what they had been accustomed to, whose arts, industry, and commerce excited their admiration, and that they should bring home favourable and exaggerated accounts of all they saw and heard; and even at a later period it suited the views of many reactionist philosophers and political essayists, to praise and exaggerate the perfection of institutions and governments which, they pretended, had existed unchanged for several thousand years. Again, those travellers, who, animated by the glowing accounts they had read, and with their imaginations eager to realize such perfection as they had been led to expect, were proportionately disappointed, felt a revulsion of feeling on visiting China, and without waiting to examine how far the high descriptions that had been given were merited, set themselves to abuse and vilify the unfortunate Chinese. M. Hue, in his valuable work, has attributed the injustice which the Chinese have suffered, either by the undue eulogies of their friends, or the offensive denunciations of their foes, to similar causes: "When in the sixteenth century the Catholic missionaries arrived, bearing the message of the Gospel to the innumerable nations who form collectively the Chinese Empire, the spectacle that presented itself to their observation was calculated to strike them with astonishment and even admiration. Europe, which they had just quitted, was in the convulsions of political and intellectual anarchy. The arts, industry, commerce, the general aspect of cities and their populations, was totally different from what we see at the present day. The West had scarcely entered on the path of material civilization.

China, on the contrary, stood in some measure at the zenith of her prosperity. Her political and civil institutions worked with admirable regularity. The imaginations of the missionaries could not but be powerfully affected by this immense empire, with its numerous and orderly population, its fields so skilfully cultivated, its great cities, its magnificent rivers, its fine system of canals, and its entire and prosperous civilization. The comparison was certainly at that time not to the advantage of Europe; and the missionaries were inclined to admire everything they saw in the new country of their adoption." Again, this intelligent, enterprising observer remarks: "Modern missionaries have, perhaps, fallen into the contrary extreme. Europe has, of late years, been marching from progress to progress; and almost every passing day has been signalized by some new discovery. China, on the contrary, is in a state of decay; the vices that disfigured its ancient institutions have increased, and whatever good may have been mingled in them, has almost wholly disappeared. It has, therefore, happened that the missionaries, setting out with magnificent ideas of the splendour of Chinese civilization, and finding the country full of disorder and misery, have come to conclusions respecting it, the very reverse of those formed by their predecessors three centuries ago." There is also another class of travellers, who offer observations on the state and character of a country far less reliable than either of the former class. We allude to official travellers. It is impossible for political dignitaries to see with their own eyes, or hear with their own ears. The visit of a Macartney is a mere farce, so far as the collection of genuine and trustworthy information is concerned. As well may the Pope believe that he has seen the real condition of his subjects in Romagna, during his late progress. Nor are we less misled with regard to the truth by those who having been attracted by curiosity or other motives, have visited the free ports and the coast of China, but have not penetrated into the interior, and mingled unofficially with the population. Such works, therefore, as those of M. Hue and Mr. Milne possess an incontestable value, and though they present a strong contrast in many particulars, still we may expect to derive from their joint experience, and their opportunities of observation, a greater approximation of the truth—a more correct portrait—than from other sources.

Mr. Milne is decidedly an optimist observer of Chinese manners. He sees the good which others ignore, whilst he forbears to magnify the evil that actually exists. He shows that a Chinaman can be grateful and honest; that a real gentleman is capable of sincere friendship, and alive to the sentiment of honour. The



practice of infanticide, the custom of feeding on "rats, lizards, rank and indigestible shell-fish, mud-terrapins, and tainted meat, which are the foundation of a general reproach against them, is utterly denied; whilst the condition of their women is represented as being less oppressive and wretched than it is frequently represented to be. Sometimes Mr. Milne's views clash with those of other writers, and we may instance the different opinions held with respect to the veneration in which the dead are held amongst the Chinese. "But the special object of this ceremonial season is, to pay worshipful homage to their departed relatives. Some foreign writers, as Fortune, Davis, Bowring, &c., have attempted to set it off merely as a series of 'reverential services rendered to ancestors,' and not religious homage. If so, what mean these trays laden with offerings of pork, fish, and fowl; these libations of wine; these bundles of candles and incense-stick; these holocausts of gilt-paper, paper money, paper clothes, paper houses, paper furniture; and these numberless prostrations, ceremonies, and prayers, offered up to departed ancestors and parents, with more earnestness, devoutness, order, and punctuality, than even before the shrines of the idols?" With regard to infanticide, Mr. Milne takes part with the Chinese in opposition to Sir John Bowring and others:—

"There are well-meaning, but not judicious philanthropists who have visited China, who may have ascertained from the lips of some natives that they have murdered one or two of their infants; but they have jumped to the conclusion, '*ergo*, all the Chinese are babe-murderers.' . . . Admit only that some parts of China, which are regarded by the nation itself as the poorest and most degraded of the eighteen provinces, have been fouled by this diabolical sin; then it is published to the world (as Sir John Bowring has done recently) '*it is a common practice in many provinces!*' Let it be granted that in certain places, at one time or other (say 150 years ago, when Kanghi sat upon the throne of China), that from sheer want or destitution, the lowest classes of those districts have been found guilty of this horrible enormity; but then from the conduct of these wretches of that date, '*the whole* nation, up to the present day, is branded as systematic murderers of their children.'"

Mr. Milne goes on to show, that so far from this inhuman practice being regarded with indifference by the public generally, and patronized by the government as stated by some writers, there is a general revulsion of feeling in a Chinaman at the idea; that laws have been formed for the punishment of infanticide, and even the cruel treatment of a child by its parents; and that foundling hospitals, and temporary asylums answering the same purpose, have long existed in China. M. Hue, however, is of a different opinion, and views the abject condition of the women with feelings of horror:

"Her very birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of heaven. If she be not immediately suffocated according to an atrocious custom, she is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race. . . . This public and private servitude of women—a servitude that opinion, legislation, manners, have sealed with their triple seal—has become in some measure the corner-stone of Chinese society." Mr. Milne represents the condition of women to be more favourable than this description would lead us to imagine. Referring to her married life he remarks: "By discipline in her father's house she had been prepared for the further steps of womanly experience of life; and throughout her maidenhood, the status of women had been familiar to her, as expressed in the common adage, that woman is subject to the following three conditions of life:—viz., at her father's house she is under her parents; on marriage she submits to her husband; and in widowhood she is under the guidance of her sons." The following anecdote, however, staggers somewhat the idea represented of the abject state of submission to which the ladies of China may be brought:

"A Chinese preceptor with whom I was acquainted," says Mr. Milne, "so excited the jealousy of his young, handsome, and devoted wife on a certain occasion, that she adopted a method of punishing him—ingenious, amusing, and effective, as well as annoying. One evening, returning home late, he retired to rest without offering any explanation of his absence satisfactory to his wife. When he got up next morning to dress he could no where find his habiliments, nor was he able to obtain any clue to the discovery. He was kept in suspense, and without out-door clothing for a week; so that, in fact, he was confined to his bed the whole time for want of clothes, much to his discomfort, and not a little to my annoyance, as his services were just then required. At length his 'gude wife,' satisfied with the penalty she had inflicted, set him at liberty. She had taken all his clothes on that evening, and concealed them in another part of the house for one entire week."

Much more gentle and lenient was this treatment than that threatened to Pepys by his jealous spouse, who from a similar fit of jealousy, heated the tongs red-hot, and whilst her husband was lying in bed, attempted to pull his nose with them.

China is essentially a country of contrasts; all that is there seen being nearly the opposite of what is met with in Europe. To mention a few of them enumerated by Mr. Milne:—In making calls we take off our hat; the polite Chinaman keeps his on. We advance to meet our guest; the host in China keeps his seat whilst the visitor advances, closes his fist, and

shakes his own hands. At weddings, English wear white; white in China is the emblem of mourning. The adults of the Celestial Empire fly kites, whilst the children squat on the ground and look soberly on, and battledore-and-shuttlecock is played by the foot instead of the hand. Surnames precede the "Christian" name. In books, the beginning is what we should count the end; the paging is near the bottom, not the top corner; marginal notes are written at the head, not the foot of the page, and the name when written outside is inscribed at the bottom of the page. In his meals, John Chinaman begins with fruits, wines, and biscuits, and ends with fish and soup. In moonlight, however clear it may be, he carries his lantern about with him. He mounts his horse on the right instead of the left side. The scholar in saying his lesson does not turn his face but his back towards his master; and for full dress, the thickest-soled shoes that can be got are considered the fashion. But the most curious of all these peculiarities is, that if a man wishes to wreak his vengeance on an enemy he kills himself, not his foe. Remarking upon this unnatural practice, M. Huc observes: "Among barbarians, and even in civilized countries, where true notions of justice have not sufficiently purified the public conscience, you see the strong, the rich, the powerful, making the poor and weak tremble, oppressing them and sporting with their lives with frightful carelessness; in China, it is often the weak who make the strong and powerful tremble by holding suspended over their heads the threat of suicide, and forcing them by that means to do them justice, spare them, and help them. The poor have recourse sometimes to this terrible extremity to avenge themselves for the hard-heartedness of the rich, and it is by no means unusual to repel an insult by killing yourself." This practice, we should presume, can not be carried to any very great extent, lightly as life is regarded in China, since it must undermine the very pillars of society, and throw it into irremediable confusion. The explanation, however, of this anomalous custom is to be found in their system of penal legislation, and that public opinion which, so far from disapproving of suicide, honours and glorifies it. In China, the law throws the responsibility of a suicide on those who may be supposed to be the cause or occasion of it. If a Chinese wishes, therefore, to be revenged on an enemy, he has only to kill himself to be sure of getting his adversary into horrible trouble, for he falls immediately into the hands of justice, and will certainly be tortured and ruined for life. The family of the suicide, also, usually obtains considerable damages; so that if a man be in desperate circumstances, and courageous enough to play the part of a domestic Quintus Curtius, he has



only to kill himself in the house of a wealthy citizen, accompanying his death with suspicious accidents, to procure for his family a decent capital; and we are assured that the instances of persons sacrificing themselves under a morbid idea of duty and affection are not rare. The subject, however, of this constitutional suicide is one that Mr. Milne so far ignores that he makes no allusion to it.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. Milne's book is the account of his journey into the interior, from Ningpo to Po-yang Lake, the city of Nanchang, and down the Pearl river to Canton. It was during this excursion that he saw real life in China, and was enabled to estimate, from his own experience and observation, the true state of the country and its population. We ought to say now what perhaps we should have stated before, viz., that Mr. Milne is a missionary who has devoted himself for many years to carrying the light of the Gospel amongst the Chinese. To give greater efficiency to his labours, he has studied to become a thorough master of the language, and this, by the disguise of a native costume, enabled him to pass through districts which, as a foreigner, it would have been otherwise impossible for him to do. The trip seems to have taken about five weeks, Mr. Milne having started on the 7th of July, 1843, from Ningpo, and arrived at Canton on or about the 12th of August. The personal preparations for the tour are somewhat curious:—

“After a late-dinner, a hair-dresser was called in who shaved the forepart of the head, and appended a queue one yard in length, having undergone which operation I exchanged my English suit for a Chinese summer dishabille. Previous to quitting my lodgings, the thought struck me that, possibly, the ‘tail’ on which so much depended might be too loosely tied on. A slight tug proved the suggestion to be well-timed, for that appendage at once dropped off. When recalled, the barber was greatly disconcerted to find that his labour had been in vain. So, resuming his manipulations with more than redoubled diligence, he paid little heed to the pain inflicted on retacking it.”

Once and once only did the “tail” prove treacherous and drop off on the journey, and then fortunately it was in the hands of a coiffeur, who looked with a kind of compassionate horror on the depossessed, without dreaming of barbarian artifice or political dilemmas. From Ningpo, Mr. Milne directed his steps, partly by river, partly by land, to Hang-chow, passing by the important place of Shaou-hing.

He now commenced ascending the Teen-sang river, which runs in a south-westerly direction to Chang-shan, where he was obliged to leave the boat, and traversing the land over the Tsaou-wei-

kwan and Paiy-fung passes, met the Shang-yaou river at Yuhshan. This river, after flowing broadly through a fine and thickly populated country, falls into the lake of Po-yang. This lake is fed by a still larger river, the Chang, which rises in the hills of the Kiangse province, taking an almost northerly direction. Dragged up this magnificent stream nearly three hundred miles, Mr. Milne came to the grand Meiling pass, on the other side of which runs the Pearl river, which is the great channel of communication between Canton and the north. It would be out of place here to describe the different scenes our traveller passed through, and the various objects of interest which engaged Mr. Milne's attention. The peculiar characteristics of the country as seen from the boat or a run along the banks of the river, are fully described. Sometimes the geological features of the soil, sometimes its physical conformation are noted down. Now, we are told that he is passing by a succession of rapids, or that on such a hill might be seen a curious pagoda. Here, he remarks large mulberry plantations; another district is described as being celebrated for sycamore trees, and a fine kind of varnish. We could have wished that more space had been devoted to an account of the populations. The information we find in these pages on this subject—and with the exception of an occasional allusion that the women in such and such a place had not the compressed feet, and were working with the men in the field, or that the houses of a particular village were very wretched-looking—is very meagre; and we have only an itinerary of the road he traverses. We suspect that instead of making an episode of a couple of chapters in his book, this trip might have furnished Mr. Milne with notes sufficient to have devoted a volume to it. It is true the tour was rapid, and not very divergent, being confined to the immediate banks of the rivers he mounted or descended, and that the necessity of eluding detection by prying eyes, circumscribed alike his wanderings and his observations.

The great merit of the book is, that it is written by a person intimately acquainted with the Chinese language and Chinese life, and who had established a permanent friendship with several respectable natives of that empire. The following description of Fatshan, the large town spoken of as lying just above the scene of the late victory gained by our troops on the Canton river, and which seems to have been come upon so unexpectedly by Admiral Keppel, may not be uninteresting:—

“ But of all places along the inland journey, Fahshan (Fatshan), which I passed through on the 12th of August, was perhaps the most remarkable for the exhibition of universal energy in business of every form. It may be named ‘the Birmingham of China.’ It lies twelve miles south-west of Canton city; is a large town without

walls; reputed to contain 1,000,000 inhabitants. Both the canal and river through the town were crammed with boats; each side of the river thickly populated, and built up with dwellings, shops, gardens, factories, and honges. My boat flitted rapidly by wood-stores of Kiangse timber, boat-building establishments, iron-foundries, brick-kilns, and manufactories, and before I was aware of it, was hurried to Hwate, where meeting with a strong flow-tide, it had to drop anchor."

The last portion of Mr. Milne's book is devoted to Shanghai, and an introduction of miscellaneous matters which could not have found place so well elsewhere. He alludes especially to the discovery of a colony of Hebrews in the interior, to Mohammedism amongst the Chinese, and the influence of Bhuddhism,—drawing a parallel between it and Popery, and showing the great similarity between them. The concluding chapter appropriately takes notice of the Protestant missions at Shanghai, and their future prospects. Mr. Milne enters sparingly upon the politics of the Celestial Empire, though it is almost impossible to pass over in silence that mysterious movement effected by the insurgents from the north. Referring to the recent *embroglio* of this country with China, he observes that: "Under existing circumstances it must be obvious that it is of first importance for Great Britain to have on the spot representatives of the highest order in every department, political, commercial, religious—or as the Chinese designate them, 'great eyes'—to watch the signs of the times and the course of events. Let us have our 'eyes' there quick, sharp, clear, and long-sighted; and above all, bent on the improvement and the welfare of the Chinese branch of the human family." To this we cordially respond Amen.

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#### ART. VI.—GREYSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

*Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.*  
Edited by the Author of "The Eclipse of Faith." In Two Volumes. Longman & Co. 1857.

WE shall not attempt to remove the veil of obscurity with which Mr. Greyson's editor and most intimate friend has chosen to surround him. The dullst reader, however, of these two volumes may construct from them a very accurate idea of their writer's character, disposition, and personal habits. Where he was born and when, how many brothers and sisters he had, the Christian name of his father and the maiden name of his



mother, whether he had a baronet for an uncle and a lord for a third or fourth cousin, who were his schoolmasters, and what university had the honour of being his *Alma Mater*, there is, we think, nothing to indicate. All the drapery of a biography is absent; but the reality is there. Mr. Greyson's literary tastes, his favourite authors and favourite studies, his most transient humours and deepest moral sympathies, the results which came of his meditations on the absurdities, mysteries, sorrows, and triumphs of human life, are all disclosed with an unconscious frankness absolutely captivating.

A little ingenuity, perhaps, might construct from the Letters a rough outline even of the writer's personal history. It is obvious, for instance, that at some time of his life he must have been intimately connected with medical men, if he did not himself belong to the profession. How else can we account not only for his acquaintance with medical science, and his great facility in deriving apt illustrations of moral and religious truth from that province of human knowledge, but for his high orthodox tone in speaking of unqualified practitioners,—for the fraternal banter as of one of the initiated, which occurs now and then in the letters to a medical correspondent,—for the spirit of what is so mournfully said about the narrow limits within which are confined the knowledge and powers even of the most accomplished physician? But it is certain that the hand which wrote these letters has been occupied for a long time with other work than feeling pulses and scribbling prescriptions; they indicate a familiarity with philosophic and literary studies, an imperial command over all the boundless resources of our English tongue, habits of quiet, meditative thought, which quite forbid us to imagine that Mr. Greyson has lived the distracting life of a medical man. Medicine appears to be the reminiscence of his youth rather than the business of his manhood.

It would be easy to make a show of lawyer-like sagacity, by weaving into a consistent texture all the hints concerning Mr. Greyson's history and occupations, which lie scattered through these "Selections from his Correspondence;" but we leave this agreeable amusement to our readers, and proceed at once to speak of the profound wisdom, the subtle analysis of our mental operations, the humour, pathos, and fun, which are so marvelously intermingled in these fascinating pages.

Many of the Letters are filled with just such pleasant gossip about the writer's domestic adventures, his vacation rambles, his friends, and his books, as must always constitute the distinctive charm of a literary man's correspondence. Many are occupied with the discussion of subjects which have a permanent

and universal interest. For instance, during a visit to his brother, he found out that his niece, Mary Greyson, "was fond—far too fond—of novel reading;" and here are four letters to her, containing no strait-laced denunciations against novels in general, but very sensible advice about reading only the best, and reading these wisely and in moderation. He tells his niece that he thinks there may be three thousand volumes of really admirable fiction in our language, so that there can be no excuse for reading mere rubbish. The same young lady had been too timid to acknowledge at a party that the light of the unshaded camphine was too bright for her eyes, though she was blinking with positive pain when the lady of the house made the inquiry, and so her loving uncle writes her a letter on the uses and ethics of "Yes," and "No." A friend narrowly escapes spending a night in St. Alban's Abbey, and this occasions an interesting sheet or two on the power of imagination. Another friend becomes a deist, and imagines that his intimacy with Mr. Greyson must terminate; but he is told that the sympathy and solicitude of friendship are only quickened by a friend's perils and errors, and he receives eight very remarkable letters on the prospects and chances of Deism.

It is hardly possible, however, to describe within the few pages we can spare for this article even the subjects treated of in Mr. Greyson's Correspondence. There is a letter on "Extemporaneous Cookery," another on "The Plurality of Worlds," one on "Beards," and another on "Job and his Friends," one on "Conscience," three on "Homœopathy," one on "Pulpit Style," and another on the "Penny Post."

The editor anticipates that some readers will object to the vein of *persiflage* which occurs in some of the gravest letters, and in close juxta-position with thoughts on the saddest and sublimest aspects of the universe. We have not the faintest sympathy with the kind of criticism he deprecates. There is no reason in the world why the aid of wit and humour should be refused by the champion even of the holiest cause, or the expositor even of the most serious truths. The divine right of Dulness shall receive no respect from us. But as the editor of these Letters calls them "Selections" merely, and has abundant materials still lying under his hand for a second series, which we earnestly hope he will speedily issue, we venture to suggest, that sometimes the arrangement has made the transition from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," a little too abrupt; for example, after we had read the fourth letter, on "Extemporaneous Cookery," with aching sides and tears of laughter, it was rather startling to come upon the wonderfully pathetic letter which follows on "Death-bed Consolations."

But some excellent people will be disposed to censure, not merely the rapid transition from what is most ludicrous to what is most sacred, but also the humorous tone in which the writer sometimes urges the gravest arguments, and vindicates the most sacred truths. We beg them to remember that the intellectual habits of men vary so greatly, that they have no right to imagine that the free play of fancy and wit is inconsistent with the deepest earnestness and reverence. The sternest warrior may rush to the charge with dancing plume; and the glitter of the sword does not blunt its edge or enfeeble the arm of the combatant. It is high time that certain mistakes about this subject were finally swept away. Men who have arrived at conclusions on great controversies after years of painful and conscientious inquiry,—who brought to the investigation industry, learning, genius, honesty, are spoken of as flippant triflers and mere wits, because they do not assume cassock and robes, a doleful face, and the “pulpit twang,” when they speak out their laboriously formed opinions; because they employ all lawful weapons—Minié rifles as well as Lancaster guns—to defend the truth, for which, if necessary, they would calmly die; because they use their “Christian liberty of laughing at what is ridiculous,” and enjoy, as every good man ought, the defeat and confusion of popular and pretentious, but shallow sophists. Let it be understood that a man may have quarried out the separate stones, and built up the massive structure of his creed with “the sweat of his brow,” and yet delight to surround it with grassy lawns, and blushing flower-beds, and quaint-looking hedge-rows; even as God, after building the foundations of the earth of granite, covered their strength with a robe of beauty. It is no proof that a writer is not in earnest that humour and fun sometimes brighten his pages. And on the other hand, opinions which were evidently formed on grounds the most trivial and accidental, under the influence of the love of novelty or paradox, at the impulse of vagrant inclination, with no profound sense of man's responsibility to God and the world for his belief, are often expressed in a tone which would imply that they were the result of mental labours absolutely prodigious, and moral agonies frightful even to contemplate. Beware of the impostors who have been flippant enough in forming their opinions, though they are as solemn as cemetery chaplains in advocating them.

In the Preface there is this singular paragraph, which we commend to the special consideration of our curious readers who may be anxious to know more than the editor of Mr. Greyson's Letters has chosen to tell them, about that gentleman's personal history:—



"One thing more I must in justice tell the public. It is impossible, I think, that the reader should not discern certain similarities in sentiment and style between these volumes and some parts of the 'Eclipse of Faith.' I beg to say—on the principle of *suum cuique*—that I am largely indebted to Mr. Greyson for his contributions to that work. Indeed, I willingly ascribe to him the far larger share of whatever merit an indulgent public has been pleased to see in it, and take all its faults to myself."—Vol. I., p. vii.

We have quoted this paragraph because it will assist us in conveying a true impression both of the subjects discussed in the graver letters, and of the peculiar kind of power exhibited in discussing them. Most of the subjects range along those boundaries of the Christian faith which are threatened just now by the forces of scepticism. The philosophical objections to the direct and proper efficacy of prayer—the moral difficulties surrounding the doctrine of the Atonement—the hesitation even of some good men about such miraculous incidents as are involved in the Fall, Jonah's escape from the belly of the whale, and the speaking of Balaam's ass—the alleged discrepancies of Scripture, and the present position of the deistical controversy, are among the most prominent and important topics. In the treatment of all these, Mr. Greyson exhibits the same complete mastery of Bishop Butler's powerful weapon, analogy, and the same felicity in turning against an opponent his own batteries, that characterized the "Eclipse."

Among the happiest applications of the principle of Bishop Butler's argument which we have ever met with, is the following passage on the supposed historical errors which have been found in the Scriptures. Some young friend is inclined to give up the truth of Christianity because he cannot reconcile certain well-known "discrepancies." Mr. Greyson maintains that, even supposing that these are absolutely irreconcilable, there is no reason for giving up either the substantial truth of the history, or even the inspiration of the books which contain it. It is a tenable theory, he affirms, that God may have intentionally permitted unimportant errors to enter into the writings even of inspired men:—

"Nor can it be proved that, on such a theory of inspiration as that now implied, God would have done anything (however improbable *à priori*) out of analogy with his procedure in other cases; as God has placed us in an analogous difficulty in other cases, so, for aught you know, He may in this. To discriminate, to judge with candour, to hold fast what is proven in spite of difficulties, may be required of us as part of that exercise of a docile faith, of an unprejudiced reason, which, throughout our whole probation, He has provided for us here. Indeed, on *any* theory of inspiration, He has

practically involved us in much the same difficulty ; for, even on the theory of the plenary inspiration of Scripture, He has Himself left on the sacred page the traces of *apparent* discrepancies that perplex and baffle us. Now, on the theory that He occasionally allowed human *infirmity* to introduce error and mistake, He would only have subjected us to much the same discipline.

"As to your second inference,—that you must, at all events, give up the plenary inspiration, the absolute infallible truth of every syllable of Scripture,—I acknowledge that what you *prove* to be error cannot be inspired, only be sure that it is so proved. *That* will necessitate your giving up those minute portions to which you can say demonstrated error or palpable contradiction attaches.

"Now, can you believe, perhaps you will say, that God has commissioned men to declare religious truth to the world—has inspired them with the knowledge of it—has wrought miracles, and uttered prophecy to authenticate it—and yet has left the very messengers to be sometimes misled by ignorance ? To mistake fact ?—to blunder in the very delivery of their message ? Now (mind once again), I do not deny this difficulty ; and in consequence, prefer another method of dealing with the matter, as I shall presently show you ; but still, I say that even such a supposition is perfectly intelligible and consistent compared with the alternative you propose to yourself,—the summary rejection of Christianity !

"For, after all, if we admit this theory, does it leave you in greater difficulty than Theism leaves you ? Does not the constitution of the world present you with analogous facts ? While millions of phenomena attest the Divine goodness, do you not every now and then stumble on some which look the other way ? Is the plague or the rattlesnake quite intelligible ? Do you not, when you meet with such unaccountable phenomena, say, 'They are difficulties, indeed, things quite inexplicable ; but they must not be allowed to override the deductions which the immense majority out of every million of facts will justify ?' Do you not say, 'I believe there must be good reasons for these ugly things, though I do not know what they are ?' You may, perhaps, rejoin, 'Yes ; but after all a cobra or rattlesnake is God's direct work, and, therefore, I believe there must be good reasons for it, though I am ignorant of them.' I answer, Very well : and may you not say the same of what is inexplicable in what God permits ? Would it be any more wonderful if God should permit human ignorance and infirmity to introduce some trivial errors into His word (mind, I say not it *is* so), than that His power and wisdom should do what you can in no way comprehend in His works ?

"But, if you *will* have a precisely analogous case, I can give it you in the moral government of God. There God, every day and everywhere, permits the remaining follies of the wise, and the remaining infirmities of the virtuous, to chequer the results of their beneficent action on the world,—to mingle much error with truth, some evil with their good. And can you prove that it *may not* have been to some extent thus, even in the construction of a Divine revelation ? Would not such a course be at least in analogy 'with the constitu-

tion and course of nature?' If He permitted, though we know not why, His fair creation to be invaded with evil, and 'the enemy by night to sow tares among the wheat,' would it be inconceivable if, in like manner, he should have suffered minute errors to enter into the texture of the Bible?"—Vol. II., pp. 274—277.

We have a strong conviction that it is a grievous and fatal mistake to maintain that there is no safe standing place between the theory of the universal infallibility of the sacred writers and the dark gulf of unbelief. It may not be the best explanation of the "discrepancies" to acknowledge that they are result of positive error. The ripe scholar and the mature divine may see good reason for holding a very different opinion. But we are sure that many of our younger men have had their faith seriously imperilled by the extravagant doctrine that the Christian religion cannot be logically sustained if the memory or pen of any one of the synoptical evangelists slipped for a moment while recording, for instance, the miracle performed on the blind men at Jericho,—if Matthew wrote "two" when he ought to have written "one,"—if Luke meant to say that the miracle was wrought as Christ entered the city, and the other two affirm that it was wrought as he was coming out.

If a score of such errors could be *demonstrated* to exist in the sacred records, we maintain that there would still be no valid excuse for denying the Christian faith; the grounds on which the great doctrines of the New Testament rest, would still be untouched. Let us trace the steps by which we justify our trust in Christ for restoration to God and eternal life

From such evidence as Lardner so laboriously accumulated, and Paley so admirably arranged, we conclude that the authors of the evangelical histories were men well-informed concerning the facts they profess to narrate, and that their integrity is above suspicion. They were neither impostors nor fanatics, but most trustworthy witnesses. Without supposing them less fallible than the rest of mankind, we have abundant reasons, therefore, for accepting the grand outlines and main substance of their story. Apart altogether from their inspiration, their testimony would compel us to believe that Jesus of Nazareth had wondrous power and wondrous wisdom,—power and wisdom such as proved Him to be a "teacher sent from God;" and we should be compelled to believe this notwithstanding apparent discrepancies and even obvious errors in their various narratives of His miracles and discourses. Such discrepancies would confirm rather than destroy their trustworthiness. Their testimony would compel us to believe, that on the authority of His supernatural endowments, He claimed the religious homage of mankind, and declared



Himself to be the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world. All this, be it remembered, we have reasons for believing before we dream of the inspiration, in any sense, of the sacred books.

But we discover, by-and-bye, that Christ promised to His apostles clearer revelation of spiritual truth after He should have risen from the dead, and that the Holy Spirit would bring all the things that He had said to them to their remembrance. The apostles affirmed that this promise had been fulfilled, and the miracles they wrought confirmed their claim. We find good reason for believing, therefore, that supernatural aid was given to Peter, and Paul, and John, to develope the truth about Christ, and to the evangelists to write His biography. But the *extent* of this aid we have to determine for ourselves. Some may honestly interpret the promises of Jesus, and the claims of the apostles, as sustaining the absolute and infallible accuracy of every word of the inspired writings; others, as honestly, may interpret both the promises of the Master, and the claims of his servants, as involving nothing more than infallibility in what may be called the strictly religious element of the Scriptures. We earnestly protest against making the general trustworthiness of the evangelists depend on their inspiration: their inspiration depends on their trustworthiness, and cannot be proved without it. Mr. Greyson did not think that the theory defended in the passage we have quoted, was the best possible; but we believe that many who are on their way from painful doubt to what we hope will be rejoicing confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, will thank him for showing that, if not the best, it is at any rate logically tenable.

Our last extract was intended to illustrate Mr. Greyson's use of the argument from analogy; our next will show his power in meeting opponents with their own weapons. In answer to a friend who thought that the doctrine of the Atonement, by involving an innocent person in dreadful sufferings for the salvation of a wicked race, presents a "savage" view of the government of God, he writes as follows:—

"Yes, I repeat, that on *your* theory, the death of Christ is an utterly incomprehensible enigma; we cannot assign, we cannot imagine any reason for a sacrifice at once so costly, yet so gratuitous. In Christ we have the only example (yourself being witness) of perfect and faultless innocence which has ever been exhibited to the world, and we see Him through life, involved in the deepest shades of sorrow, and subjected to a death of terrible and mysterious agonies! Perfect holiness, perfect obedience to God, perfect love to man, requited with more scorn and oppressed with more suffering than even the foulest guilt in this world was ever subjected to! And all for—what? For nothing, absolutely nothing, that is intelligible.

You tell me that He suffered as an **EXAMPLE** to us. As an example? An example of what? Was it as an example of this—that the more men obey and love God, the darker may be the Divine frown, and the greater *the liability* to suffer under the incomprehensible mysteries of the Divine administration? So that if we were to become absolutely perfect as Christ was, that moment we might reach the climax of misery! That as He who was alone ‘without spot’ was condemned to the worst doom, so, for aught we can infer from *such* an example, innocence and happiness may be in inverse proportion. If you say, *He* suffered to show us with what sweetness and patience *we* ought to suffer, you forget that not only would less than such bitterness as *His* teach that lesson, but that His suffering so much more than we do, with no guilt, His own or ours, to cause it, unteaches the lesson; it unhinges our trust in the Divine equity altogether. You forget, it seems to me, that there is a *double* aspect to these sufferings. How do they affect our apprehensions of God? Can we reconcile it with that benignity and equity for which you are so jealous, to visit perfect innocence with more sorrow than guilt, merely to show the guilty how they ought to learn to bear a *just* punishment? I assure you that on such a theory of the Divine administration, the death of Christ is to me the darkest blot on the Divine government—the most melancholy and perplexing phenomenon of the universe—the most gratuitous *apparent* departure from rectitude and equity with which the spectacle of the Divine conduct presents us.

“And this I feel with double energy and intensity when I recall the agony of that prayer with which the Redeemer prayed, that, ‘if it were possible,’ the final horrors might be spared Him—the bitter cup pass away from Him;’ and that this prayer did not refer to the transient cloud of Gethsemane, but to the prospective horrors of Calvary, is, I think, evident from the expressive figure used by our Lord at His apprehension, and which is recorded by the evangelist who does *not* record the prayer in Gethsemane. ‘The cup,’ says he, ‘which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?’ An expression which is not only, as Paley says, an instance of undesigned harmony in the narratives of different evangelists, but, as I think, also shows, by the *character* of the metaphor, what was the meaning of the prayer in the garden.

“Thrice, then, He offered that prayer; and thrice in vain. Yet, on *your* theory, where was the necessity? Why was it ‘impossible’ that the cup should pass from Him? Impossible? Nothing would seem more easy; nay, nothing more impossible, than that having deserved no sorrow at all, His prayer should be uttered in vain. Is *this* the way in which you would give us a more attractive view than the doctrine of the Atonement affords, of the love of God? Is it by showing us the only being, in human form, who never deserved to feel His *justice*, striving in vain to propitiate His *mercy*? *We*, at least, assign an adequate cause of all this mystery; we suppose it was to rescue a lost world that God ‘willed’ that ‘the cup should not pass from Him;’ and that Christ, who thus prayed, also

'willed' to drink it rather than decline it at such a cost as the frustration of His divine compassion and the surrender of a world to perdition. But you,—what reason can *you* assign? Is it a more conciliating view of the Divine justice and love that they thus afflicted innocence for nothing, or nothing that is intelligible? and in spite of its own heartrending cries, that if any other expedient remained within the reach of Omnipotence itself—Omnipotence taxed to the uttermost of its resources—that 'cup might pass away.'"—Vol. I., pp. 304–307.

This passage is as conclusive in argument as it is beautiful in expression. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Greyson's *rationale* of the Atonement would altogether satisfy us. If we have caught his meaning, he finds the whole necessity for the sufferings of Christ in the injurious effect on the obedience of God's moral creatures, which would have followed the simple and sovereign repeal of the curse pronounced against sin. Mr. Greyson's philosophical defence of the doctrine rests solely on this ground. To have pardoned guilt universally on the profession of penitence, would, as God foresaw, "diminish His authority, relax the ties of allegiance, invite His subjects to revolt, and make them think disloyalty a trivial matter."

All this, of course, we cordially admit; but we go farther. No doubt it is *expedient* to impress the moral universe with the conviction that suffering must follow sin; but we also believe that the conviction is a sound one. Rebellious angels were driven from their thrones to eternal darkness and despair, not simply to convey to the unfallen princes of heaven wholesome instruction, but because it was *right* they should be damned. And when the slumbering conscience of a sinful man is at last awakened, he does not fear lest God should punish him for the benefit of the rest of the world, to warn other men of the evil and peril of transgression; he knows he *ought* to be lost, and fears lest he should have his desert. Hence every Christian minister knows how impracticable it is to induce a person whose whole soul is agitated by sorrow for sin to trust in God for free forgiveness, until it is clearly seen that Christ "bore our iniquities in His own body on the tree," that He "was made a curse for us." Deeply rooted in the soul is the conviction that the connexion between sin and perdition was not the arbitrary appointment of God's will, and cannot by His mere loving-kindness be relaxed. And this conviction can only be met by a full and explicit declaration, that all the reasons which ever demanded the punishment of the sinner, have been met and satisfied in the sufferings of Christ.

Every curse which God has threatened against transgression, is the expression of that law to which conscience bears distinct



and perpetual testimony that sin and sorrow ought to go together; the dark abodes of eternal misery were built to meet its inevitable necessities, not merely as a politic expedient to terrify the universe from wrong-doing. We believe that the death of Christ is the highest expression of this law, and the perfect fulfilment of its necessities.

This old-fashioned theology of ours has, we fear, lost ground during the present century. Some of our ablest writers on systematic theology have shrunk from the only thorough and satisfactory theory of the Atonement, and have been content with what appears to us only a small part of the explanation of that great event. The cause of this, we are inclined to think, is to be found in the circumstances in which our modern theology has been formed. "The wall" has been "built in troublous times." Men have instinctively and unconsciously constructed their creed on the principle of a fortification; the great necessity has been strength against attack from without. We have been working "under fire," and have abandoned much that properly belongs to us because there seemed to be difficulties in holding it against the foe. An age of strife with sceptical opponents is unfriendly to the formation of a profound theology. The outworks are made strong; the interior wealth and beauty of the city are forgotten.

Mr. Greyson's power of retorting an adversary's objections is also felicitously exhibited in Letter XXXIII., on the "Christian Evidences," and in those on "Prayer" at the close of the first volume. The metaphysical objection to the efficacy of Prayer, derived from the constancy of general laws, is met by the suggestion that perhaps the beneficent Ruler of the world has made the devout acknowledgment of His goodness one of the means of securing it. "He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good;" but the settled laws of the universe may have been originally determined through the prevision of God in such a manner that the blessings invoked in prayer should, without special interference with the regular order of things, be granted. Moreover, it is urged that, considering the universality of the conviction that prayer ought to be offered, it is fair to infer that the conviction is the result and proof of a general law of human nature. "The constitution of human nature itself favours the hypothesis of the efficacy and propriety of prayer; and ought not that to be taken into account in your philosophy?"

It is evident that Mr. Greyson's opinions were not manufactured by any skilfully constructed logical machinery; but were the living growth of a heart and intellect disciplined by various and oppressive sorrows, and familiar with the anxieties,

cares, and labours of ordinary men. There is a *reality* about his letters which convinces us, that though he has lived much in the study, with "five thousand volumes" about him, human troubles and joys, earnest practical striving after goodness as well as subtle theorizing about it, have helped to determine his creed. Genius, learning, taste, and wit, all lent their aid to the formation of those settled principles which are implied if not expressed in the lightest as well as the gravest of these remarkable letters; but those principles penetrated too completely the entire nature of the writer to have been created by the intellectual faculties alone.

Nor did He, who has established such vital and indestructible relations between the various parts of our complex nature,—who has rendered complete isolation from the general community of human interests absolutely impossible to any of us,—who has given us all friends to love and help, sorrows to bear, temptations to resist, a round of trivial duties to fulfil, as well as a mysterious universe to investigate,—ever intend that the intellect alone should originate a system of moral and spiritual truth. In this work the meanest elements of our nature are by Him associated with the highest, whether we like or not. Our mere physical susceptibilities of pain and pleasure, the delights and sufferings incident to the common relationships of mankind, the temptations which assault our integrity and discipline our virtue to heroic strength, business, friendship, the vicissitudes of the interior life,—all have an influence in determining our theory of the universe. The best trained, most logical understanding cannot, if it would, do its work alone.

Hence that virtue which the old rhetoricians thought necessary to the orator, is still more necessary to the student of all truth, and especially of the highest. Firm control of the lower passions, purity of motive, unselfishness, integrity, trust in God, are as indispensable to the moral and religious philosopher as intellectual accuracy and vigour.

A skilful mental analyst, like the author of "The Eclipse of Faith," might have produced a most curious and instructive biography, had he carefully investigated and frankly told us the influence of Mr. Greyson's habits and history on the articles of his creed. Which of them were the growth of a solitary life,—which were the result of intercourse with men? What was the order of their development? How were the speculations of youth and health modified by subsequent sorrows? Were some of the opinions expressed in these Letters the bitter fruit of morbid depression,\* and may they be fairly regarded as

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\* See Letter VI.

phantoms which haunted a brain long occupied with the gloomier aspects of God's providence, and the nature of man,—phantoms which are sure to disappear when the sunshine returns? Does the editor of these "Selections" think, as we have ventured to suggest, that Mr. Greyson's theological opinions have been powerfully influenced by what seems to have been for some years his great study, the controversy with sceptics and scoffers? Perhaps the relations between the writer of these Letters and their editor were too intimate to permit the kind of critical biography to which our questions point. Had it been written, it might have been made one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of writing in the English language.

Most reluctantly we lay our pen aside. We have not said half we meant to say; and, therefore, the more earnestly entreat our readers to get the book themselves. As a specimen of the lighter Letters we give the following, and have good reasons for knowing that whatever minor embellishments may have been added, the story is substantially true. It is addressed to "Alfred West, Esq.," and is appropriately headed, "Ne sutor." We cannot resist the temptation to give the whole:—

"Εὐεχηα! Εὐεχηα! Congratulate me, my dear friend. I am made for life. If every other resource fail, I find I can turn cook. Yesterday was a broiling day with us. I am speaking of the weather, and you see how naturally I fall into metaphors congruous to my new occupation. Thermometer at 86 in the shade. But, to my business; only follow me to the *cuisine*, and I promise you shall all but die with envy at the thought of my accomplishments.

My little household yesterday consisted of my sister and two servants. An old acquaintance of my sister's was expected to a family dinner. I wanted a little business done in two different directions, and wished the two servants to go. 'But the dinner,' said my housekeeper. I looked despairingly through the Venetian blinds at the blazing sky. A bright thought struck me. 'It is better to roast than be roasted any way,' said I; 'I will cook the dinner.' She laughed, and asked, 'Who would eat it.' This saucy challenge confirmed me. 'Away with them,' said I; 'put me in possession of the kitchen. What is to be cooked?' 'Oh, it is only to roast a leg of lamb; and as to the pudding, anything you *like*,' said she, maliciously; 'but whether anybody else will like it, I have my doubts.' No sooner said than done. I shut and barred the kitchen door, and went to work; I cudgelled my brains to remember what I had seen in that region of fiery but pleasing mysteries when I was a child, and used to watch with wonder and delight, and keen presaging appetite, the progress of the 'neat-handed Phillis,' Faint were the 'antiquæ vestigia flammæ.' However, I made short work with the fiery part of the process. I looked at the joint; had clear



recollections of having seen it well sprinkled with flour, and then put to the fire. I sprinkled it accordingly, and commended it to Vulcan. 'Let *him* look after it now,' said I; 'it is his business, and not mine.' Then came the grand arcanum—the pudding. 'Simplicity,' said I, 'after all, is the great secret of cookery, as of every other fine art.' I resolved on a primitive form,—a pudding under the meat. That is soon made, I thought. A couple of handfuls of flour, with a little water, were mixed up in a bowl; it was too *soft*; more flour, too *dry*; more water, too *soft*; more flour, too *dry*; more water,—and so it went on, and I began to despair of the  $\mu\eta\ \acute{\alpha}\gamma\alpha\nu$ , the *ne nimis*—the *juste milieu*—the—what word can express the happy mean of solid and fluid, wherein the law of cohesion only just reigns? Meantime, my ugly pudding was assuming alarmingly voluminous dimensions. At last I got it of the required consistence, rolled it out into a huge plane that half covered the dripping pan, and chucked it in to let it take its chance. I then sat down, complacently enough, at the farthest extremity of the cool kitchen, with a book; occasionally glancing with a curious, yet admiring eye at the twirling joint, and hearing with much satisfaction the click of the jack as it reversed the motion; now and then alarmed, however, lest the whirligig should stop, and involve in catastrophe my entire planetary system. At length the servants returned, near dinner time. I abdicated with secret joy and outward solemnity, and left the kitchen to their undisputed occupancy. I heard the jades giggling as I went up stairs, doubtless at that huge, ill-conditioned, hapless pudding that was lying sprawling in the dripping pan.

"Well, dinner came at last, and was brought in amidst suppressed titters by Anne, and *not* suppressed laughter from my sister and her friend. I was as grave as a judge, and felt that, having now provided so elegant a repast, it became me to do the honours of my table with *empressement*. I played the assiduous Amphitryon accordingly. As to the pudding, it was a phenomenon. On the south side (towards the fire, that is,) scorched to a cinder; on the north, unknown regions, of a flabby, ill-looking dough; the east and west exhibited delicate tints of every shade between black and white; in the centre, a Mediterranean puddle of dripping. I make no doubt that it was exquisite in taste, but, unhappily, I could not get any one to partake of it. I attributed this, of course, to their wish that I should have this delicacy, which was the *chef d'œuvre* of my art, all to myself. It was in vain that I assured them that there was enough and to spare; they would not hear of such a thing as depriving me of a particle of it. Not to be outdone in politeness, and determined that I would not greedily appropriate so rare a delicacy to myself, I, with much moderation of mind, contented myself with taking on the tip of my fork, the merest morsel, which, I assure you I found rich beyond description; then, rather than seem selfish, I waived the incomparable dish away. I doubt not, after all, that my sister and her friend saw it go away with secret remorse and misgivings; or were they, after all, so envious of my skill that they were determined not to be able to bear witness, by an *experimentum gustûs*, to

my superiority? If so, envy as usual, was its own punishment; for rely upon it, they would never taste anything like that pudding again as long as they lived.

“But what as to the leg of lamb?” you will say. My dear friend, it was roasted on the most philosophical principles, just as the earth is roasted by the sun; quite after the planetary model; and what more would you have? There was the north and the south pole, where the arctic and antartic fat still lay in primitive whiteness. There was the torrid zone, just opposite the equatorial fire, utterly scorched up and unendurable, as the ancients assure us we *ought* to find the tropics. But, let me tell you, there was on each side of this a happy strip of a temperate zone, extending a full inch each way, from which I cut some delicious slices, and which, if there had but been another parallel or two of latitude, would have sufficed for the whole household. You may say, perhaps, that this was not an economic way of cooking a leg of lamb; but can there be a better way than that adopted by the Sun *herself*, as our Saxon fathers would say,—

“That fair, hot wench, in the flame-coloured taffeta?”

“The only improvement I can suggest, and certainly I shall try it next time—that is, if I can ever get admittance into the *cuisine* for a second experiment—is this: not to let the axis of revolution be perpendicular to the plane of the dripping pan, but exactly adjusted to an angle of 23° 30′. In this way, I doubt not I shall have a larger temperate region, and shall be able to get dinner enough for a moderate household out of a couple of legs of mutton or so. Give me your felicitations, I beseech you, on this happy occurrence in the history of your friend, and believe me to be,—Yours truly,

“R. E. H. G.”

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## Quarterly Review of German Literature.

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WITHOUT, we trust, attempting unduly to exalt our functions, we venture to assert that the peculiar genius of national literature may, in our days, be fairly ascertained from its periodical press. If the newspapers indicate the political state, the monthly or the quarterly may be taken as a sufficiently correct index of the intellectual development of a people. The latter, especially, are confessedly meant for the twofold purpose of giving the general public an accurate analysis of, and a correct verdict on, the intellectual offspring whose birth is duly chronicled; and of communicating information to those who have not the time, the means, or the inclination of making themselves personally conversant with the books on which the reviews report. Between the extremes of the ideal man who

studies for himself on *all* subjects, and in *all* languages, and the superficial "diner out" whose intellectual stock in trade consists in mere periodical literature, and who "reads up" the last review for the next party, lies a happy and a rational medium. The reviewer is expected to have made himself master of the subject on which he treats, to bring not only a trustworthy and well-balanced judgment, but accurate and personal information to bear on the questions he discusses. These resources he is to make available for general use in clear and elegant language. The general reader takes the verdict of the reviewer as presumptive proof; he becomes informed of the general state and progress of literature; and while his mind is enlarged, he has also the best advice offered him as to the books which he is to consult or to read on the subjects which more especially interest him. What we, therefore, desiderate in a review is *elegant popularity of form and thoroughness of substance*. Tested by these principles, the German reviews fall much below the average of British or American productions of a similar character. Between the Scylla of writing notices interesting only for the initiated and the learned, and the Charybdis of converting them into a collection of unconnected essays, we fear the German review holds out few attractions to the general reading public. We scarcely suppose that these quarterlies can ever form household reading; nor do we anticipate that they will be welcomed as well-known friends, except by the very parties for whose use we can scarcely think they were specially designed. They are too learned, too abstract, too dry; and they too largely partake of a fault which we have often pointed out in these pages; in the language of our popular novelist, they savour too much of the "Circumlocution Office."

From these general strictures we should at least, in part, except Professor Ewald's annual volume for "Biblical Science,"<sup>1</sup> which, with the year 1857, has reached its eighth issue. Whatever fault may be found with it—and we are sorry to say it is but too much open to exception—it can at least not be said to be *tedious*. A more bold, racy, dashing writer than the orientalist Ewald can scarcely be conceived. Indiscriminately, he deals blows right and left; here, at Hengstenberg orthodoxy; there, at Tübingen infidelity; he demolishes books, and rears up theories, with a supreme disdain for every opponent; yet, withal, there is a vigour and an honesty about him which must gain esteem even where we most widely differ. The number under review consists of a mixture of essays, notices, and addresses. Under the first class we range papers on the prophecy of Balaam, which is attributed to the eighth century before Christ; on the hymn in the book of Deuteronomy, whose date of composition is asserted to have been shortly before the destruction of Samaria, and whose authorship is attributed to an Israelitish poet. Similarly rash and unwarranted in its conclusions, is the article containing inquiries on the book of Revelation, which is attributed not to the

<sup>1</sup> Jahrbücher der Biblischen Wissenschaft. Von H. Ewald. 8tes Jahrbuch. Göttingen: Diebrich. 1857.



apostle John, but to a presbyter in Ephesus. It is needless to enter upon a refutation of such assertions. We have, in a former number, sufficiently expressed our opinion of Ewald's criticism. Of much greater value is the paper containing contributions to the knowledge of Biblical poetry. But, undoubtedly, the most interesting parts of the volume are the following three:—In the first, Ewald presents, after his own fashion, a rapid survey of the theological literature of the preceding year. With a good deal of truth, and not a little of outspoken honesty, there is also much undeserved and wrong censure. It is a comfort that British writers fare so well. But what specially strikes the reader, is the boldness and the raciness of the writer. Next follows an address upon the "Demands of Christianity upon our Age," in which more enlarged missionary operations to the Mohammedans and to India, are advocated, while with an unsparing hand and an undaunted face, the political evils under which Germany and its church labour are exposed. With his denunciations of the reactionary tendency we thoroughly agree; his withering sarcasm of the Tübingen historical criticism is entirely deserved; but we must beg leave to rank his attacks on churchly orthodoxy as among the very evils which he himself denounces. The volume concludes with a polemical address to the Popish bishops of Germany, which, despite its truth and vivacity, savours too much of egotism and conceit. Of a very different cast from Ewald's is the review lately started by an association of *savans*, among whom Dr. Dorner, of Göttingen, is the best known,<sup>2</sup> and of which several numbers are now before us. If we might venture upon a general opinion, its tendency seems to us mystical, and its dogmatical leaning in the direction of Schleiermacher. The two principal articles in No. 2 of Vol. I., are an historical sketch by Dr. Keim, on "Ludwig Hetzer," and a dogmatic disquisition, by Dr. Dorner, on the "Immutability of God." The first acquaints us with the history of one of those interesting characters so numerous at the time of the Reformation, who seemed not only to receive the truth, but to be carried by their zeal much beyond even the Reformers. Gradually they fall into enthusiastic errors, and then their course is either one of decided hostility to the Reformers, or they alternate between enmity and submission. Hetzer was at first connected with Zwingli, then became one of those who, under the name of Anabaptists, united a great variety of errors and extravagances. He goes to Augsburg, where he intrigues among the Zwinglians, and ends by becoming an Arian. By-and-bye he returns to Zürich, and makes his peace with Zwingli. Again he falls away, and goes to Constance, where he is finally executed for adultery and bigamy, apparently dying, however, truly penitent. Besides the special interest attaching to this sketch, such essays throw a great deal of light on the times of the Reformers, and the opponents with whom they were engaged. To

<sup>2</sup> *Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Liebner in Dresden, Dr. Dorner u. Ehrenfeuchter in Göttingen, Dr. Landerer u. Palmer in Tübingen, und Dr. Weizsäcker, in Stuttgart. Stuttgart: R. Russer.

say of the dogmatical article that it is from the pen of the celebrated author of the work on the "Person of Christ," is to imply that its learning and ability are equally great. We do not hesitate characterizing it as the production of a master. Its contents are chiefly polemical, being directed against what is known as the New Erlangen school. We are sorry to say that our anticipations with regard to that school are of a very unfavourable kind. Represented by men of the acuteness of Hoffmann (the author of the "Scriptural Demonstration"), and of the learning of Ebrard and Thomasius, it is decidedly gaining ground in Germany. While cultivating the feelings in religion, and allied to the extreme section of what is known among ourselves as the "Broad Church" party, it has, by its misrepresentations and denials, undermined, if not deprived, its adherents of some of the fundamental truths of Christianity. We think that the theological public should become better aware of the existence and the leading tenets of this party. According to them, apparently, Divinity did not take humanity into personal union, but Logos humbled Himself (*entäusserte sich*, deprived Himself), and became a human soul, when the Trinity for the time being ceased, and the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father only. We need scarcely say that connected with this are kindred errors on the subject of the Atonement, and on other fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The numbers of the second volume before us, are scarcely equal to that just noticed. They contain articles on Predestination, and an interesting paper on the sacred writings of the Arians. Probably one of the most objectionable articles in the review is that by Dr. Weizsäcker, on the "Testimony to Himself borne by Christ in the Gospel according to John." The essential Deity of the Saviour seems to be denied; a distinction is made between the Logos and Christ, the former only descending (*versenkt sich*) into Christ. The whole is dreamy, misty, and—it appears to us—unsound in its teaching, and dangerous in its speculation. From quarter to quarter, we have had occasion to point out the interest which the study of ecclesiastical history—especially that connected with the Reformation—has awakened on the Continent. Hitherto, however, attention has been chiefly concentrated on Luther, and on his colleagues in Germany. We are glad to notice that other branches of the Protestant Church are now to find their chroniclers. Before we notice these productions, we may mention the appearance of a collection from Luther's writings, made by Pastor Eberle, and consisting of all those passages which bear on the interpretation of the Gospel narratives.<sup>3</sup> The compiler states that, during the twenty years of his pastoral activity he had learnt to feel the need of studying the works of great preachers. Among others, his attention had naturally been directed to the sermons of the great German Reformer. Accordingly, he presents us with a

<sup>3</sup> Luther's Evangelien-Auslegung, aus seinen homiletischen u. exegetischen Werken, für Schriftforscher, Prediger, u. erbauungssuchende Leser zusammengestellt. Von C. G. Eberle. Stuttgart: S. G. Leisching. 1857.

compilation in which, by the care of the editor, all needless repetitions are omitted; the language is slightly altered—so as to be readily intelligible—and the frequent references to the Turks and Pope are left out or modified. Of the merits of such a collection we need not speak.

While German students are compiling the works, writing the life, or collecting the letters of the great Reformer, and while the German people are preparing to rear in Worms, and on the very spot where Luther uttered his remarkable declaration before Emperor and Diet, one of the most magnificent monuments,<sup>4</sup> the representatives of the *Reformed*, or Calvinistic section of the church are at last to find able historians. Under the presidency of the celebrated Professor Hagenbach, of Basle, an association of *savans* has been formed, with the object of furnishing, in a popular form, thorough biographies of the founders and fathers of the Reformed Church.<sup>5</sup> The plan of the work is equally comprehensive and well-devised. In eight volumes, each of about 600 pages, and adorned with a splendid portrait, the lives of Zwingli, Oecolampadius, Myconius, Capito, Bucer, Calvin, Bullinger, Beza, and others, are to be furnished; each life being followed by arranged extracts from the writings of these Reformers. The whole work, which is to be completed in three years, is offered to subscribers at the almost incredibly low figure of twenty-four shillings, or three shillings per volume. We have now before us Vol. I. of the issue, containing the life of Zwingli, and extracts from his writings, by Pastor R. Christoffel. Its execution is in every way satisfactory; the engraving, after Hans Holbein, is a perfect study. In that manly face, we can almost trace the features of his life. The child, nurtured amidst the grandeur of Alpine scenery, his mind imbued with the records of Swiss bravery and of biblical piety; the studious youth in association with the best and noblest of his fellows; the priest first gaining the victory over himself, and then over papal superstition and error; the Reformer at Zürich, and in continual communication with his adherents at home and abroad;—withal through the busy and disturbed life of the warrior-ecclesiastic runs not only the current of deep religion but of true feeling. There is also genuine humour about that face, and we can almost conceive him answering the appeal of one of the Anabaptists, "Zwingli, I conjure thee, by the living God, speak the truth." "That shalt thou hear: thou art a rude rebellious peasant, and as stupid as any under rule throughout the country." The extracts from the writings of Zwingli comprise, among others,

<sup>4</sup> We beg to call special attention to the proposed Luther monument, at Worms, for which funds are collecting in Germany, Switzerland, and Britain; and shall be glad to furnish any further information on the subject.

<sup>5</sup> *Leben u. ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. Reformirten Kirche.* Herausgegeben von Dr. J. W. Baum, R. Christoffel, Dr. Hagenbach, Pastor Pestalozzi, Dr. Schmidt, Lic. Stähelin, u. Lic. Sudhoff. Vol. I. Haldreich Zwingli, von R. Christoffel. Elberfeld: R. L. Friedrichs. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.



the confession addressed to Charles V., and that to Francis I. of France. We would earnestly recommend to all our readers who understand German, to purchase this volume, not only for their own information, but for the encouragement of the undertaking.

A vastly different but equally interesting production is the work of Mr. Gindely on Bohemia and Moravia during the time of the Reformation,<sup>6</sup> of which the first volume has just appeared, furnishing the history of the Bohemian, or as they are erroneously called Moravian, Brethren, from the year 1450 to 1564. Two other volumes are to complete the work. It is scarcely necessary to point out what an important chapter in the history of the Reformation is here supplied. The general outlines only have hitherto been known, but Mr. Gindely brings before us from original documents every scene in the great drama with a particularity and a diligence worthy of all praise. The Austrian and the anti-Protestant tendency appears as little as possible, while, as may readily be expected, the sympathy of the author with all that is Bohemian, and with the tendencies of the Brethren, frequently appears. We look forward with considerable interest to the completion of this undertaking, believing also, that studied in connexion with Müller's "Saxon Researches," it will throw considerable light on the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, and the scenes then enacted in Bohemia. While on the subject of ecclesiastical history, we may mention that the Manual by Professor Kurtz, of Dorpat, has reached a third edition.<sup>7</sup> Dr. Kurtz is well known in this country, and in America, by many other works; nor do we know of any manual which might more usefully be imported into our language than that under review. We have found it, despite its conciseness, accurate even in minute particulars, while the literature of the subject is everywhere most fully given. The following is the arrangement of the work:—I. Preparatory History of Christianity. II. History of the Planting of Christianity during the first century. *a.* After the antique and classical model, in three periods: from A.D. 100 to 323 (the conversion of Constantine); from 323 to 692 (the separation of the occidental and oriental churches); from 692 to 1453 (the taking of Constantinople). *b.* After the Germanic model, and one in the mediæval form, comprising three periods, and ending with the Reformation; and two after the *modern* Germanic form, comprising four periods, and coming down to our own days. The Manual is principally adapted for students, and the only objection that can be urged against it is, that it occasionally savours of having been written in Russia, both by its tenderness towards the Greek church, and by peculiarly Russian references (*vide* p. 685) to the late war for the existence of

<sup>6</sup> Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter der Reformation. Von Anton Gindely. I. Geschichte d. Bömischen Brüder. Vol. I. Prague: Carl Bellmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

<sup>7</sup> Lehrbuch der Kirchen-Geschichte für Studirende. Von Dr. J. H. Kurtz, Ord. Prof. d. Theol. zu Dorpat. 3tte Ausgabe. Mittau: Neumann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

Turkey. Professor Guerike's "History of the Reformation,"<sup>8</sup> is simply a reprint of portions of the third volume (eighth edition) of his well-known work on Ecclesiastical History. Both the learning and the decided Lutheran tone of the Halle Professor are known to all students of German theology. While treating of history, we may mention that Section II., completing Vol. II. of Gervinus's "History of the Nineteenth Century,"<sup>9</sup> has reached us. It contains an account of the state of Germany and of Russia after the Congress of Vienna. In his preface the author indicates that the attempts to incriminate him on account of the Introduction to the first volume, have prevented his applying to the various archives for historical materials. Nevertheless, he has had access to a number of unpublished sources, and the volume completely answers the high expectations formed of it. A fourth volume has brought L. Häusser's "German History, from the death of Frederick the Great to the formation of the Germanic Federation,"<sup>10</sup> to a happy conclusion. When we say that the 835 large octavo pages before us comprise only the history of two years—from 1813 to 1815—we have indicated that the particulars are very minute, and the description very full. To this we have to add, that the history is accurate and well written, although it certainly does not give a very flattering representation of the position of German princes at the time. Would that Prussia listened to the advice of her best friends, and to the call of the German people; and no longer content to follow in the wake of despotism, took that lead which would soon place her not only at the top of Germany, but among the first-rate powers of Europe!

Returning to the subject of theology, we have before us the completion of Dr. Stier's "Translation of the Bible,"<sup>11</sup> comprising the book of Psalms, the Prophets, and the Old Testament Apocrypha. In the preface Dr. Stier re-asserts the great principles on which this translation is made. The result of thirty-six years' study, it is intended to replace the translation of Luther's Bible. The vigorous diction of the Reformer, on which the religious language of Germany has been formed, is retained; in fact, it is still Luther's Bible, only what is erroneous or inaccurate has been altered. Of course, the *textus receptus* has been the basis of the version. We have compared a number of passages with the original, and have found considerable improvements, with occasionally, what we have deemed, needless alterations in the language of Luther. These, and the

<sup>8</sup> Geschichte der Reformation. Von H. E. F. Guerike. Berlin: Schindler.

<sup>9</sup> Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts, seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. 2ter Band, 2te Hälfte. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1856—57.

<sup>10</sup> Deutsche Geschichte vom Tode Friedrich des Grossen bis zur Gründung d. Deutschen Bundes. Von Ludwig Häusser. 4ter Theil. Berlin: Weidmann. 1857.

<sup>11</sup> Die Bibel oder d. ganze Heil. Schrift, Alten u. Neuen Testaments. Dr. M. Luther's Uebersetzung nach Dr. J. F. v. Meyer, nochmals berichtigt von Dr. R. Stier. 3tte Liefer. Bielefeld: Velhagen u. Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

retention of the Apocrypha—notwithstanding the cautions by Dr. Stier as to their use—will much militate against the general diffusion of this Bible, although we are free to confess, that so far as we know, it is the best hitherto offered to the public. A work of importance to the exegetical student is Alexander Buttmann's "Grammar of the New Testament Idiom,"<sup>12</sup> of which a first part has just appeared. It forms a supplement to Ph. Buttmann's well known Greek Grammar, each paragraph referring to it, and supplying the needful information concerning the construction of the New Testament language. Of interest to the philologist is Dr. Merzdorf's edition of the Low Saxon translation of the Books of Kings, according to a MS. in the Oldenburg Library.<sup>13</sup> The learned librarian is engaged in the preparation of a work, to be called "The German Historical Bible before the Invention of Printing." In the course of his investigations he met with this MS. translation from the Vulgate, composed in the Low Saxon tongue, and dating from the commencement of the fifteenth century. This is now reprinted with the addition of notes—comparing the present with the Lübeck copy—and a glossary. The original translator does not seem to have been a very good Latin scholar. Besides many sad blunders, there are frequent deviations from the original text. The publication derives its importance from its reference to ecclesiastical history, and still more as a specimen of one of the few existing monuments of the Low Saxon tongue, which had at one time been so extensively spoken.

Professor König's "Theology of the Psalms"<sup>14</sup> is another token that Biblical theology is not entirely neglected by the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. In a devout spirit, and with considerable acuteness and learning, the Psalms are explained, and their teaching concerning God and man, and the plan of salvation, grouped and brought out. The work may take its place by the side of standard exegetical writings. We are not sure that we can give an unqualified commendation to Superintendent Otto's "Inquiries into the Decalogue."<sup>15</sup> They are written by an orthodox and an able man, but there is an occasional mystification where, in our opinion, matters are sufficiently plain. Besides, the tone appears to be entirely churchly, to such an extent that the second commandment is joined to the first, and the Lutheran practice of retaining pictures tolerated on the ground of an exegesis which lays exclusive emphasis

<sup>12</sup> Grammatik d. Neutestamentlichen Sprachgebrauchs. Im. Anschlusse an Ph. Buttmann's Griechische Grammatik, bearbeitet von Alex. Buttmann. Berlin: Dümmler. 1857.

<sup>13</sup> Die 4 Bücher d. Könige. In Niedersächsischer Bearbeitung aus e. Handschrift d. Oldenburgischen öffentlichen Bibliothek. Herausgegeben von Dr. Merzdorf. Oldenburg: Stalling. 1857.

<sup>14</sup> Die Theologie der Psalmen. Von Dr. J. König, ausserord. Professor d. Theologie zu Freiburg. Freiburg: Herder. 1857.

<sup>15</sup> Decalogische Untersuchungen, nebst einem Anhang über die Todtentaufe in Corinth. Von C. W. Otto, Consistorialrath u. Superintendent. Halle: Schmidt. 1857.



on the adoring, not the making, of images. Mr. Otto's little work consists of three parts. In the first, he treats of Sabbath observance. He differs from those who derive its authority from the Old Testament, and from those who rest it on ecclesiastical authority; but we cannot say that he throws any new light on the subject. In the second part, the logic of the Decalogue is treated ably and acutely, although we cannot always agree with him. He divides the Ten Commandments into dogmatic and ethical law, the latter referring again to the foundation of human existence, to the means for preserving, and to the ends to be obtained by that existence. A third part of the book is one of the best exegetical tractates on the much controverted passage 1 Cor. xv. 19, with which we have met. Dr. Hilgenfeld's "*Jewish Apocalyptic*"<sup>16</sup> is an attempt to trace up Christianity through Essenism and the various Apocalyptic books—of course of non-inspired origin—to the book of Daniel, who is placed in the first line among them. From this short outline the tendency of the book will be sufficiently evident. We are, however, bound to add, that irrespective of its direction, the inquiries into, and the analysis of, the Jewish Sybillinic book, the book of Enoch, the Apocalypse of Ezra, and the character of Essenism, possess considerable interest to the historical student. An appendix discusses the Gnostic system of Basilides.

Of sermons we will only mention a collection of "*Addresses from the Altar by Lutheran Pastors*,"<sup>17</sup> a volume which, although decidedly churchly in its tone, is sound and Christian in its spirit. Generally speaking, the composition does not rise above commonplace. In general, we may congratulate ourselves that at a certain ceremony, important to all, and specially interesting to ladies, we are not detained at the altar to listen to one of the lengthy addresses of which specimens are in the volume before us. We cannot see any good purpose served in the republication of the sermons preached at Berlin during the thanksgiving for the victories gained by Frederick II. in 1757. However, this does not seem to have been the opinion of Consistorial-Councillor Sack, of Magdeburg, the grandchild of the preacher, who has just given them again to the world, exactly a hundred years after they had been delivered.<sup>18</sup> True, the Seven Years' War was a great crisis, not only in the history of Prussia, but also of the Protestant Church, which, in many respects, was identified with it. But neither was Frederick in the Seven Years' War a champion of the truth, nor does it exactly tally with the character of that monarch to speak of "the sword of the Lord and of Frederick." On the whole, the sermons breathe a spirit of

<sup>16</sup> Die Jüdische Apocalyphtik in ihrer Geschichtlichen Entwicklung, nebst einem Anhang über d. Gnostische System d. Basilides. Von Dr. A. Hilgenfeld. Jena: Manke. 1857.

<sup>17</sup> Lutherische Altarreden in Original beitrügen mehrerer Geistlichen. Herausgegeben von Gustav Leonhardi. Leipzig: Teubner. 1857.

<sup>18</sup> Drei Dankpredigten über d. von d. grossen Könige Friedrich II. im Jahre 1757, erfochtenen Siege bei Prag, bei Rossbach, u. bei Lenthén in demselben Jahre in Dom zu Berlin. Gebalten von A. F. W. Sack. Berlin: Hertz. 1857.

patriotic gratitude and Christian acknowledgment, but do not rise above mediocrity.

If the reader will promise not to be frightened by an array of unpronounceable and unintelligible names, we will introduce him to a work as novel in its design as it is interesting and important in its execution. Mr. Merleker's "*Musology*"<sup>19</sup> is a systematic survey of the development of the various languages, writings, books, libraries, learned institutions, literatures, sciences, and arts, at all times and among all nations of the known globe. The mere statement that one man attempts, within the compass of five or six hundred pages, to give an historical sketch of the scientific and literary productions of all nations and all times, must excite astonishment. If to this we add, that it is carried out with an erudition truly German, with accuracy and conciseness, the reader will gather that the present is one of the most useful books that can be conceived—always excepting the strange titles which the author has given to his divisions and subdivisions. The book is arranged into three parts. The first, called *Koinodoctology*, is general, and treats in five chapters of languages, writing, printing, books, and libraries, and of the various educational institutions, including among the latter, all educational means, such as literary associations, newspapers, reviews, encyclopædias, &c., and enumerating the most celebrated *savans* on all subjects, and at all times. The second part of the book, called *Ethnodoctology*, treats of the literature of the various nations, which are arranged under the three branches of oriental, classical, and occidental races; the latter being again subdivided into Romanic, Germanic, and Slavonic tribes. The literature of every country is divided into periods, and each treated separately. The third part of the book, called *Chresimodoctology*, details the chief periods and labours of men most noted in science and art. In fact, it is a short history of science and literature (*Epistematology*), and of the arts (*Kalotechnology*). We have only to add that the literature of every subject is most accurately given. We have no hesitation in saying that this volume should be on the shelves of every literary man.

Classical science is this time very largely represented. We begin with Professor Vischer's "*Recollections and Impressions of Greece*,"<sup>20</sup> which recall to us olden times, when we ourselves had visited these scenes, and indulged on the spot in the classical reminiscences connected with them. But despite the enthusiasm which such personal inspection of classical localities must awaken, we can neither agree with Professor Vischer's statement of facts, nor sympathize in his anticipations concerning Greece. On the whole, we are sorry that a Swiss professor should show so

<sup>19</sup> *Musologie*: Systematische Uebersicht d. Entwicklungsganges d. Sprachen, Schriften, Drucke, Bibliotheken, Lehranstalten, Literaturen, Wissenschaften u. Künste d. Bibliographie u. d. Literatur-Historischen Stadiums. Von K. F. Merlecker. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

<sup>20</sup> *Erinnerungen u. Eindrücke aus Griechenland*. Von Wilh. Vischer, Professor zu Basel. Basle: Schweighauser. 1857.

very little sympathy with men, and with freedom, while everywhere his leanings appear on the side of despotism and the elements represented by Russia. His first stay was at Naples, in the barracks commanded by a countryman of his own in the service of King Bomba. Thence he passes to Rome and to Ancona. Not a word escapes him about the terrible state of Naples and the Eternal City; but he piously moralizes on the horrors of the revolution at Ancona, and mourns over the iniquity of deserting from Austrian regiments. On his way to Greece, he lands at Corfu, where he stays a sufficient time to warrant his giving utterance to his anti-English leanings. We confess that Athens looks very different in his *couleur de rose* description, than in our recollection of the large dusty village, with inhabitants apparently not very attractive, nor very industrious. Not so according to Professor Vischer. The palace, which to us appeared ungainly and tasteless, is represented as very beautiful; the people generally are most honest and industrious; King Otho and his queen are not the vassals of Russia, but everything that is good and noble; the administration is not servile and corrupt, but all that could be wished. Manifestly, our Professor looks forward to the time when, instead of the present Turkish, a new Byzantine empire, with Athens for its capital, shall arise. Under these circumstances, we can scarcely wonder that sufficient justice is not done even to the natural beauties of Constantinople, which, to our mind, are unrivalled. Having indicated the faults of the book, it is but right to add that our traveller has thoroughly visited Greece. Combining accuracy of description with full notices of all the historical associations—classical and otherwise—connected with each place, he has produced a very readable and interesting book. When writing of a visit to Greece, we are reminded that the well-known "History of Greek Literature," by K. O. Müller,<sup>21</sup> has just appeared in a second edition. This posthumous work of the great *savant*, who died in Greece, appeared, it is known, in an English form (at least up to chap. xxvi.) before it was printed in Germany. The brother of the deceased gave it to the public in its present form, from the manuscript of the author. To speak of its merits would be almost presumptuous,—its position as a general standard work having been accorded by general consent. Another posthumous work of very great merit is Professor Hermann's "Lectures on the History of the Culture of the Greeks and Romans,"<sup>22</sup> of which a first part has just appeared under the editorship of Dr. Schmidt. So far as we have opportunity of judging, the work deserves the reputation which the lectures on their first delivery procured for the author. The present volume carries down the history of Greece to the period when its independence was lost. Its most interesting parts are the literary and ar-

<sup>21</sup> K. O. Müller's *Geschichte d. Griechischen Literatur bis auf d. Zeitalter Alexander's*. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Müller. 2 vols., 2te Ausg. Breslau: Max & Co. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

<sup>22</sup> K. F. Hermann's *Culturgeschichte d. Griechen u. Römer*. Herausgegeben von Dr. R. G. Schmidt. 1ter Theil. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck u. Ruprecht. 1857.



tistic notices, and those which refer to the political, the domestic, and religious institutions of the country. A much larger, and certainly equally interesting, volume, is that by Professor Nagelsbach, on the "Post-Homeric Theology; or, the Grecian Religion to the Time of Alexander."<sup>23</sup> The object of the book is to show that Grecian religion sought after God and a reconciliation with Him through the forgiveness of sin, happiness here and hope of a hereafter. The work in question is a continuation of the "Homeric Theology" by the same author. It is to be remembered that the design of the book is not to evolve the religious opinions contained in the myths, the philosophical speculations, and the worship of the Greeks, but to illustrate the popular faith as it manifested itself in public and private life. For this purpose passages are selected from the historians, the orators, and the tragedians. The whole is ranged under separate sections, such as the belief about the Deity, about sin, about morality, &c. It is historically grouped, and the rise of new or the decay of old doctrines carefully marked. The work, which is of the deepest interest to the theologian and the historian, displays a great amount of diligence and erudition on the part of the author. We could desiderate something like a general survey of heathenism in its development and decadence, and would hail such an undertaking as an important contribution towards the history of mankind in its highest, that is, in its moral and spiritual aspects.

Totally different, not only from revealed religion, but even from heathenism, with its dark gropings after a God, are the gross views of materialism, which we grieve to say, under one or another form, are making rapid way among certain classes on the Continent. In our next article we propose making our readers acquainted both with the system of materialism<sup>\*</sup> which threatens moral destruction to so many, and with the new philosophy which has sprung up by the side of it. However heavy the charge, we cannot help feeling that those absolutist and reactionary governments which would crush independent thought and free action, bear no small share in the blame attaching to these movements. It will always be observed that materialism follows in the wake of national disorganization, and is the harbinger of revolution. It was so in France; and we are sorry to discover similar tendencies in Germany, appearing more especially among the working classes. Without, meantime, entering further on the subject, we will only briefly notice one of the most presumptuous, as certainly it is one of the most crude and absurd attempts, at advocating these views, in Mr. Knapp's system of a "Philosophy of Right."<sup>24</sup> It is almost incredible how far this writer retrogrades into the theories which we had hoped were long ago exploded. According to him, the senses are the only sources of knowledge, and thinking is a mere excitement of the nerves of the brain. Everything higher is only a phantasm and a delusion. Religion is a deception kept up

<sup>23</sup> Die Nachhomerische Theologie d. Griechischen Volksglaubens bis auf Alexander. Dargestellt von Dr. R. F. Nagelsbach. Nürnberg: C. Geiger. 1857.

<sup>24</sup> System d. Rechtsphilosophie. Von L. Knapp. Erlangen: Enke. 1857.

by priests from interested motives, while even speculative philosophy of every kind is reckoned among the phantasmata. It will scarcely be wondered at, when such a book, more or less, openly advocates the indulgence of the senses; the more so, when all morality is degraded from absolute right, into a mere system of social necessity. In short, the grossest materialism is put forth in a crude form, and in most conceited language. We let these facts speak for themselves; and only express our conviction of the need of energetic and united action on the part of the German church to combat heresies, tendencies, and an opposition such as we have had occasion to describe, even within the space of this brief article, and as it has manifested itself in the course of the quarter, whose literary history we have partly traced in its leading outlines. Instead of dividing into churchly and non-churchly, high and low Lutherans, would that they who have the truth at heart, were combining against the common dangers. Perhaps we may be allowed to express the hope, that the approaching Ecclesiastical Conferences in Germany may be overruled for such ends, by the great Head of the Church. We had hoped to present our readers with the analysis of Dr. Voigt's interesting work on the "System of Education in England and Scotland,"<sup>25</sup> but this also we must defer to another opportunity.

## Brief Notices.

THE WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILSON, of the University of Edinburgh. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., and IX. Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

THE first three of these volumes contain the higher class of his writings, under the title of "Essays Critical and Imaginative;" the fourth is composed of a series of papers which originally appeared—many of them under other titles—in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which are now collected under the designation of "Recreations of Christopher North." Some of the former of these are of great and lasting value. The Critical Essays on the Genius of Burns and of Coleridge, in the seventh volume, will, perhaps, be popularly regarded as the ablest and the most brilliant of the whole; though there is a class, and that not a small one, who will give their suffrage to the eighth volume, which is composed of only two extended essays: the one on "Homer and his Translations," and the other on the "Greek Drama." The "Recreations of Christopher North," though so different in their topics, will charm these classes of readers, we fancy as entirely, at least, as the greater multitude of mere

<sup>25</sup> Mittheilungen über d. Unterrichtswesen Englands u. Schottlands. Von Dr. J. Voigt. Halle: Anton. 1857.

pleasure-seekers. They are chiefly descriptive of the athletic diversions of the moors, and the more quiet pleasures of the angler. We scarcely know where are to be found, in such rich combination, the various characteristics they display;—intense and poetic sympathy with nature, marvellous powers of description, a perennial freshness of fancy, and a rollicking torrent of animal spirits.

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THE CHRISTIAN FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS CHILDREN. By J. A. James. London: Hamilton & Co. 1857.

IN this new edition of one of Mr. James's most popular works there are several important improvements. The chapter on books has, we think, been quite re-written; at the least, it has been re-moulded and largely supplemented, in order to make it more suitable to the present condition of English literature. A prayer has been appended to every chapter. The merits which have already carried this useful work through eighteen editions are certainly increased by the changes introduced into the nineteenth.

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THEOLOGICAL WORKS. By Francis Trench. Oxford. 1857.

MR. TRENCH is the rector of an Oxfordshire parish, and we have heard of him as an earnest and active preacher of the Gospel. These three volumes confirm this opinion. They contain sermons, sketches of Scripture biography, and essays on very various religious subjects. The simplicity of the thought and the plainness of the diction make it obvious that Mr. Trench has faithfully endeavoured to qualify himself for usefulness among all classes of his parishioners.

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AN EXPOSITION OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By Charles Hodge, D.D. London: Nisbet. 1857.

DR. HODGE's "Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans," is already well known in England; and will have prepared very many to give a hearty welcome to this "Exposition of the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While Dr. Hodge makes no pedantic display of learning, he is a very respectable scholar; and he exhibits a sound common-sense in his treatment of difficult passages, which is even more valuable than great scholarship. This is just the kind of commentary which our well-educated laymen will value, and we heartily wish it an extensive circulation.

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THE ENGLISH HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. London: William Allan. 1856.

THE "Improvements" which the author of this Harmony has attempted to carry out, are comprised by himself under four heads: Textual, Typographical, Critical, and Explanatory. The principal variations in the text of the chief MSS. are exhibited partly by means of a different type, and partly by notes in the margin. There is also a new arrangement of paragraphs and parallelisms. The



critical notes include re-translations of particular portions of the text. The book is an attempt to place the English student on a level with the scholar. We are inclined to think, however, that the best way to do this is to give results without the processes by which they are arrived at, and without the learned names which catch the eye on every page of the work before us.

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THE COMFORTER; or, Joy in the Holy Ghost. A Word for the Restless. London : Nisbet & Co. 1856.

WE have rarely read a religious publication with more thorough approbation and intense delight than the present. It treats of questions which it behoves every earnest Christian to know; it touches on the very vitals of religion, and it deals with subjects on which too frequently, general expressions, not understood, are substituted for personal and clear convictions. It is our full belief that this little publication contains more sound and timeous spiritual direction than many large volumes, nor could we offer better advice than that it should be circulated in thousands. It is entirely free from all mere cant, calm in its tone, and deeply spiritual in its bearing. On the questions of answer to prayer, of the indwelling of the Spirit, of deep and abiding peace in believing, and of practical godliness, we know of no recent treatise equal to it.

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ECCLESIASTES; or, Lessons for the Christian's Daily Walk. By G. W. Mylne. Second Series. London : Wertheim & Macintosh. 1856.

A BRIEF exposition of Ecclesiastes viii.—xii., divided into daily lessons, and designed for practical purposes. The tone is healthy, the inferences are plain and eminently practical, and the book promises to meet the purposes for which it is designed.

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THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR: Notes and Reflections. By Joseph W. Reynolds, M.A. London : Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS volume comprises twenty-three lectures on the various miracles done by our Lord. Our readers are aware that we are somewhat strict in our criticism of discourses. But this volume has distinctive merit. Not that the style is either very fine, the interpretation very novel, or the thought very deep; but there is a curtness and raciness, and especially an amount of spiritual originality about these sermons which must have made them not only very attractive when delivered, but renders them really interesting when read. The illustrations are apt, in good measure original; the thinking not very profound, but bearing the impress of truth and common-sense, and hence certain to carry along with it the conviction of hearers and readers; the style, that of short and, if possible, antithetic sentences, sometimes, however, falling into the extreme of being either too popular, or not *naturally* striking. Our readers will now have a pretty tolerable idea of the value of this book. We have been specially struck with the amount and the correctness of practical lessons drawn

from the wonderful works of our Lord. Mr. Reynolds promises to be both an eminently popular and useful man, and we know of few volumes which might be more profitably used, either for family reading or for missionary purposes, than that under review.

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THE STOMACH AND ITS DIFFICULTIES. By Sir James Eyre, M.D. London: Churchill.

THERE is a liberal amount of pleasant gossip in this little book, calculated in itself to promote good digestion. The style is that of a genial old gentleman chatting with his patient, and saying hard things in a soft manner. Like all the old pupils of Abernethy, the author is proud of his "dear master," repeats a few of his pet sayings, and, in imitation, says several very pertinent things himself about the management of "the kitchen" of the house we live in, *i.e.* the stomach. As an ornamental passage, we quote an anecdote: Abernethy "was sent for to an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy admonished the offender,—'Are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus? The husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, in fact, madam.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head?' The friendly adviser confessed himself beaten for once." There is much that is old and useful, and something new and instructive, in "The Stomach and its Difficulties." Sir James rides a safe hobby, though he does make a little too much of his supposed discovery of the virtues of oxide of silver in certain painful affections. We know from evidence before our eyes that Paracelsus and his followers employed the same remedy, and vaunted their success with like confidence. The remarks on eating and drinking are pointed. "*Eating in excess* is the vice of the present day, and so well managed, that even religious persons will not see its sinfulness—*sinful*, as wasting so much more food than the body requires, and which so many absolutely need; and *unwise*, regarding it in the lowest point of view, as lessening enjoyment. These sensualists dig their graves with their teeth." "Though more disorders arise from eating than from drinking, still they do not destroy so quickly as those which arise from daily tipping up to the *verge* of intoxication, a point which habitual indulgence renders it most difficult to avoid." "I never knew an instance of a woman leaving off drunken habits. What a warning!" One word more: "I am decidedly of opinion that smoking is a *fertile source of ruin to the stomach*." Our readers shall judge of the value of the doctor's evidence concerning homœopathy: "A lady, who was very ill, on being asked why she did not seek relief from homœopathy, wisely replied, 'That she could not wait.'" "It is an overwhelming fact, that of all the physicians of this great metropolis, men second to none in the world for judgment and honesty—men quite independent of their profession in their worldly circumstances—not one medical man of note has yet thought fit to adopt

homœopathy." Moderation, and freedom from anxiety, and, in short, a well-regulated, useful life, are most preservative of the stomach; and should any difficulty therein arise, why, then—oxide of silver, and wisdom enough to seek the golden advice of Sir James, or some one equally skilful, if to be found!

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THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE: the Sultans, the Territory, and the People. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS, though a small work, is adapted to excite public attention on account of the interest which the subject will awaken in the minds of the present generation. The appalling war which has just closed, will induce the reader to turn with eagerness to these pages. The work is connected with questions of great importance not yet determined, but which the governments of Europe will be called upon to settle. The reader's desire to become acquainted with the past history and present state of the Ottoman empire will be gratified by the recitals and statements contained in this volume. But to the Christian it will be interesting on higher grounds. The empire described includes the scenes of the labours of the apostles—regions that witnessed the first triumphs of the gospel. When we remember for how long a time those regions have been overshadowed with Mohammedanism and other forms of corrupted Christianity, we shall be gratified to find Protestant churches beginning to rise in that land similar, as we believe, to those planted by the apostles, and in which the pure Gospel will again be proclaimed in the languages of the East. That a great change for the better is coming over that part of the globe will be apparent to him that peruses this volume. We refer especially to pages 308, 309, which, but for want of room, we would quote.

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HISTORY OF HENRY IV., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By John S. C. Abbott. London: Knight & Son.

WE believe our juvenile readers—and, perhaps, some who are not juvenile readers—will be captivated with this little popular history. It reads like a prose epic. It has all the enchantment of romance with all the sobriety of reality and truth. In the last page the author gives the moral of his work in a few sentences. We shall only add that the writer, J. S. C. Abbott, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic by various useful productions, and needs not the meed of our praise. The diffusion of such works is the best and surest means of destroying that insane spirit of bigotry and intolerance which is the greatest obstacle to national and social improvement.

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THE PAINTED WINDOW: a Poem. By M. E. Arnold. London: Sampson Low.

VIVID and graceful fancy is the chief characteristic of this poem. The author describes herself as being entranced by cathedral music,



and gazing on the glories of an old painted window illuminated by the rays of the sun. A beautiful spirit issues from the glowing colours, attended by other spirits. The first—the Spirit of the Window—sings, and in her song embodies the histories depicted in the window. The songs of the minor spirits follow, each spirit representing a colour, and singing of what that particular colour symbolizes or suggests to the author's mind. There is much ease of versification throughout the greater part of the poem, and elegant thoughts are thickly strewn. The religious tone of the book is unexceptionable.

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HELEN AND OLGA: a Russian Tale. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THE author of "Mary Powell" does well in not restricting herself to historic times and characters. Admirably as she has succeeded in some of her efforts of that kind, she must probably be conscious that they owed much of their charm to the novelty of the attempt, each earlier work thus leaving the succeeding one in a position less favourable than its own. A great risk, too, is encountered in representing in a familiar manner, well-known and revered personages of the past. To many readers there will appear something akin almost to profanation in depicting *their* every-day demeanour; we generally prefer to contemplate our favourite heroes as in the *higher* cloud-land of imagination,—to see them glorified with a radiance which shines from far, and thrown into softened distance by the bolder forms of the present day. The tale before us incurs no such risk, and it has, besides, the advantage of occupying ground as yet almost entirely untrodden. The peculiar dreariness of Russian scenery, the desolateness and melancholy of even its summer aspects, as well as the wild misery of its winters, are graphically placed before us. The power which the author eminently possesses so of vividly portraying the characters she introduces, as to make us form almost a personal acquaintance with each, is very conspicuous in this volume. But the chief value of the tale consists in the picture it gives of Russian society, exhibiting thus, in a somewhat novel light, the degrading effects of slavery—that evil which, under whatever form it appears, debases life alike in the oppressor and in the oppressed, to the lowest value. It is well, doubtless, that the ills which disfigure our own country should be exposed—and the less of caricature and exaggeration in the exposure the more certain of good effect as well as the more just and honest will it be—but it is well, too, that the yet more vicious state of things in other nations should be brought before our eyes, in order that we may estimate fairly our position, and not allow our zeal against the wrong immediately around us to blind us to the more distant, to overpower our gratitude for advantages possessed, or to paralyze any charitable efforts for the amelioration of the miseries under which countries less favoured struggle or succumb.

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TRACTS OF THE WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY, for the Religious Instruction of the Labouring Classes, published during the year 1856-7. Vol. IX. London: 62, Paternoster Row. 1857.

A MORE healthy and vigorous "tract literature" was for a long time a desideratum. We think now that the want to a large extent has been met. In the volume before us most of the tracts are characterized by point, pungency, and force. It would be invidious, of course, where there are so many authors, to select any one of them for especial notice; but it may be said generally of all, that their productions are distinguished by earnestness of purpose and directness of aim, and hence are especially adapted for the working classes. We accord our thanks to the directors of this society for the spirit and success with which they have carried their original design into execution.

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HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. VI. Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

THIS volume, comprising about seven hundred pages, continues the history of Europe, and, indeed, of its distant dependencies, from the successes of the French arms on the coast of Africa in 1837, to our own Afghanistan expedition in 1842. The history embraces the successive ministerial changes in France, the death and character of Talleyrand, the abortive expedition of Louis Napoleon to Boulogne, and the treaty which recent events have made so memorable and exemplary, by which, with the consent of Great Britain, the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were closed against foreign vessels of war, although Russia had at the time eighteen sail of the line in the Black Sea. The English history commences with the accession of Sir Robert Peel in the end of 1834, and embraces the great events, so fresh in the memory of all, which occurred between that time and the fall of the Whig ministry in August, 1841, including the Chartist Movement, the Free-Trade conflict, and the rise of the Free Church of Scotland. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the affairs of India, from the termination of the Mahratta war in 1806, to that of the war in Afghanistan. With a style which is lucid and attractive, the sentiments of the work are double-dyed in Toryism, as an amusing example of which we may quote Sir Archibald's pathetic remark on the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire: "That it was ominous of the fate of the empire; and that as the old constitution had perished, it was fitting that the structure which had witnessed its growth should perish with it." We would suggest to fortune-tellers in general, whether of church or state, the desirableness of dating the fulfilment of their prophecies sufficiently beyond the probable term of their own natural life, that they may be spared the mortification of knowing that time, the great revealer of secrets, has falsified their predictions.

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## Books Received.

- Anti-Slavery Advocate, for August. Wm. Tweedie.
- Bagster's Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part X. Bagster & Sons.
- Bagster's Paragraph (Large-Print) Bible in Separate Books. Ezekiel. Bagster & Sons.
- Baker's (Rev. John) The Gospel Refuge: a Sermon. 36 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
- Band of Hope Record, for July and August. Wm. Horsell.
- Bells (Curren) Jane Eyre. New Edition, 467 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Bigwood's (Rev. John) Mystery of Godliness. 152 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
- Birch's (Rev. H.) Positive Theology, or Christianity at One View. 401 pp. Jno. Snow.
- Brookes's (Henry) Peers and the People, and the Coming Reform. 127 pp. Ffingham Wilson.
- Brown's (Dr. John) Exposition of Epistle to the Romans. 639 pp. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Sons.
- Carlisle Examiner. No. 19. Carlisle: 11A, English Street.
- Cassell's Art Treasures' Exhibition. Part III. Kent & Co.
- Cassell's (John) The Great Obstacle to Education. 47 pp. W. Kent & Co.
- Cole's (Alfred W.) Lorimer Littlegood. Part II. James Blackwood.
- Congregational Chant Book. 89 pp. Ward & Co.
- Cope's (Rev. Dr. Richard) Autobiography and Remains. 292 pp. Judd & Glass.
- Dalton's (Wm.) Key to the Adulteration of our Daily Food. 180 pp. Marlborough & Co.
- Darling's (James) Cyclopædia Bibliographica: Subjects. Part I. Darling, 81, Gt. Queen Street.
- Eastwick's Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mahomedan Gentleman. 435 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Elliott's (E.) Labour and Live: a Story. 417 pp. Wm. Freeman.
- Geldart's (Mrs. Thos.) Memorials of Samuel Gurney. 156 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
- Gilfillan's (Rev. G.) Poetical Works of Akenside; Memoir and Critical Dissertation. 300 pp. J. Nisbet.
- Green's (Rev. T. S., M.A.) New Testament Translated. Part I, St. Matthew; Romans. Bagster.
- Greyson (B. E. H.): Selections from Correspondence. 2 vols., pp. 335, 346. Longmans.
- Horner's (F. R., M.D.) Homœopathy: Reasons for Adopting, &c. 2nd edit., 78 pp. Groombridge.
- James (Henry) Christianity the Logic of Creation. 264 pp. White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.
- Jewish Chronicle, for August. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
- Jobson's (Rev. F. J.) America and American Methodism. 399 pp. J. S. Virtue.
- Journal of Health and Phrenological Magazine, for July and August. W. Horsell.
- Ladies' Treasury, for August. Ward & Lock.
- Leisure Hour, for August. Religious Tract Society.
- London University Magazine, for August. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- M'Phin's (Wm. L.) True Principles of Currency. 76 pp. Richardson Brothers.
- Meredith's (Geo.) Farina: a Legend of Cologne. 244 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Murse's (J. P.) A Zealous Ministry: its Character and its Worth. 32 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
- Orr's (J.) Theism: a Treatise on God, Providence, and Immortality. 406 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Raikes. Portion of the Journal Kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847. In Four Vols. Vols. III. & IV., pp. 424 & 487. Longmans.
- Recollections of Western Texas. By Two of the U.S. Mounted Rifles. 88 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
- Revue Chrétienne; Recueil Mensuel. No. VIII. Paris: Ch. Meyrenis & Cie.
- Riddle's (Rev. J. E., M.A.) Manual of Scripture History and History of the Jews. 451 pp. Longmans.
- Stirling's (James) Letters from the Slave States. 374 pp. J. W. Parker & Son.
- Sunday at Home, for August. Religious Tract Society.
- Taylder's (T. W. P.) Mormon's Own Book. 228 pp. Partridge & Co.
- Uriel; and other Poems. 169 pp. John Chapman.
- Wardlaw's (Dr. Ralph) Systematic Theology. Vol. III., 766 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
- Weekly Tract Society's Volume for 1856-7. Vol. IX. Office: 62, Paternoster Row.
- Westgarth's (Wm.) Victoria and Australian Gold Mines in 1857. Maps, 466 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- What is Truth? 36 pp. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
- Will not Persia imitate Turkey, &c. By M. A. 16 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Wilson's (Prof.) Works. Vol. IX. Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. I. Blackwood & Sons.
- Young's (Dr. John) Primary Instruction the Want and Right of the People. 35 pp. Longmans.